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THE BRIGHT CELEBRATION.

THE Birmingham festival in honour of Mr. BRIGHT could not fail to be successful. It is natural that his political associates and followers should do honour to a chief representative of the principles which some of them hold and all of them profess. It is less easy to understand why moderate Liberals and professed Conservatives should echo without qualification or protest the boastful declarations of their irreconcileable adversaries. It is true that Mr. BRIGHT must be recognized as a great orator irrespectively of the opinions which he has eloquently expounded. He is also manly, consistent, and wholly exempt from any suspicion of corruption or meanness. While he was expatiating at Birmingham on the past or future triumph of his doctrines, Lord SALISBURY took occasion to pay a tribute to the character of the great Radical leader. Of similar generosity Mr. BRIGHT is wholly incapable. He has never done justice to an active opponent, nor has he spared a defeated adversary. When he has occasion to mention an unnamed Conservative journalist at Birmingham, he asserts that the writer must know that his statements are never believed, and he ironically affects not to designate misrepresentation by a shorter word, which indeed he habitually uses. The questionable virtue of political consistency is often, as in Mr. BRIGHT's case, associated with extreme narrowness. He was perfectly sincere in the assertion that much of that which he calls ancient history is doubtful, and that much of it is untrue. With the traditions of English greatness he has not the smallest sympathy; and he has never inquired how England alone among the countries of the world enjoyed personal freedom and Parliamentary representation long before the Corn Law agitation. He would perhaps agree with Mr. COBDEN's famous saying, that a single number of the *Times* was worth "all the 'works of THUCYDIDES'; and such a judgment would have received additional confirmation if he had read the enthusiastic praises of his character and career which were published on the occasion of the Birmingham celebration.

The inevitable recapitulation of the services of the Corn Law League was in some degree relieved by a comparatively novel reference to the Protectionist policy of the United States. Repeated and unanswered criticisms appear at length to have attracted Mr. BRIGHT's attention. He at last begins to understand that democracy and Free-trade are not necessarily co-existent, and that the upholders of the English Corn Laws furnish the solitary instance of a privileged Protectionist minority. As Mr. BRIGHT truly says, the American Congress finds a difficulty in dealing, not with financial deficiency, but with an unmanageable surplus of thirty millions. Foreign importations are discouraged for the exclusive benefit of American manufacturers; and both the great parties which represent universal suffrage have thus far agreed in a policy of Protection. In default of any other defence of his American clients, Mr. BRIGHT boldly announces that they will soon see the error of their ways; and he assumes, not without reason, that the conversion of the people of the United States would exercise much influence on the public opinion of other countries. He forgets to notice the operation of democratic institutions in Canada and in the Australian Colonies. The French Republic, founded on universal suffrage, is so far less liberal than the Empire, that Mr. COBDEN's treaty has been allowed to expire. Germany, Russia, and Spain, in spite of all their variety of institutions, agree in the same policy.

Even in England, Parliament, as it becomes more democratic in its character, is more and more inclined to restrict the province of free contract which is identical in its character with Free-trade. The Corn Laws would still survive if landed property had been subdivided in England as on the Continent. Mr. BRIGHT and his allies were thoroughly in the right, but their victory, though not the justice and expediency of their contention, was due to accidental circumstances.

Mr. BRIGHT's speech was not the most significant part of the proceedings at the great Birmingham meeting. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, though he has no pretension to the genius of his colleague, is an able and active politician in the prime of life, chief manager of the Liberal Clubs or Caucuses, and a Minister who on some occasions has been powerful enough to control the policy of the Cabinet. Having probably expected that Mr. BRIGHT would confine himself to a hackneyed retrospect of his own achievements, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was prepared to urge on the assembled multitude the extreme proposals of the ultra-Radical party. After a few words of suitable compliment to the hero of the day, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN sounded the keynote of his discourse by a slightly-veiled profession of Republican sympathies. Contrasting the procession of a previous day with the formalities of the Russian Coronation, he boasted that at Birmingham "the brilliant uniforms, the crowds of high officials, the representatives of Royalty were 'absent,' and when the expected applause followed his sneer at Royalty he added, 'and nobody missed them.'" It was of course certain that a more pointed affront to the monarchy would be greeted with renewed laughter and cheers. Before such an audience Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had every reason for declaring that the country is becoming every day more Radical and more democratic. He is not satisfied even with the present House of Commons, which is, in his opinion, less Radical than the Government. He thinks that only a small minority would vote for the disestablishment of the Church; but his professed belief that a majority of the Liberals would support such a measure was, like all his most violent utterances, received with "prolonged cheers." The remainder of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech was mainly devoted to advocacy of universal suffrage and equal electoral districts; but in the first instance he repeated in substance his former denunciation of those who live on their inherited or acquired possessions. The necessary improvement in the dwellings of the working classes cannot, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, be effected "until we can rise to a higher conception of the so-called rights of property, until we can limit those rights by regard to the duties of property. That is impossible so long as property, and especially landed property, is able to enjoy a great majority in the House of Commons and a practical monopoly of the House of Lords." The difference between the rights of property and the "so-called" rights of property opens the chasm between existing civilization and socialism. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN probably points to some broad practical distinction between the ownership of land and the enjoyment of personality; but it is idle to suppose that confiscation would be confined to one kind of property. Capitalists, like landowners, if they live on their means, toil not, neither do they spin. The enfranchisement of the whole male population and its distribution into equal electoral bodies would furnish a powerful machinery for the wholesale transfer of property.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN cannot be accused of inconsistency, inasmuch as he has always held ultra-Radical and Republican opinions; but it is not a little surprising that he should be associated in office with the other members of the Cabinet. Not one of them, with the doubtful exception of Mr. GLADSTONE, and with the partial exception of Sir CHARLES DILKE, wishes to exchange the monarchy, the right of property, and the insufficient protection still enjoyed by the minority, for universal Jacobinism; yet the leaders of the excited crowd which applauded Mr. CHAMBERLAIN listened with complacency two days afterwards to the mellifluous accents of Lord GRANVILLE.

The duties which compelled Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to leave Birmingham before the dinner may perhaps not have been unwelcome either to himself or to Mr. BRIGHT. The managers of the entertainment had done well to select as the mouthpiece of the assembly one of the most graceful of speakers, who happens, notwithstanding his position and associations, to be a zealous and consistent Liberal. Lord GRANVILLE has in his long career seldom differed from Mr. BRIGHT; but his tolerance may perhaps be sometimes strained by the language and conduct of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It was unnecessary, in eulogizing the guest of the evening, to discuss the institution of property or the establishment by means of universal suffrage of the despotism of a single class. Mr. BRIGHT naturally entered more fully than Lord GRANVILLE into political questions; and his speech leaves the impression that he hesitates to accept the unqualified supremacy of the multitude. He only expressed approval of the extension of household suffrage to counties, and he declared that he "had not much faith in mathematically accurate arrangements" of electoral areas. Mr. BRIGHT also denounced with becoming vigour the alliance which he accused some English members of forming "with an Irish rebel party," the main portion of whose funds for purposes of agitation comes directly from the avowed enemies of England, and whose oath of allegiance is broken by association with its enemies. The alliance which Mr. BRIGHT condemns, however indefensible, is partial and in some degree imaginary. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was a more valuable ally of the rebel band when he used his influence to delay for several months active interference with the Land League conspiracy.

At the dinner Mr. BRIGHT dwelt more fully than in his earlier speech on the share which he has taken in Indian discussions. He evidently attributes to himself a large share in the abolition of the East India Company, which was in part effected by the strong will of Lord PALMERSTON taking advantage of the recent Mutiny. The change was opposed by many experienced politicians, including Mr. MILL, on the ground that the administration of India by the Crown would be subject to the baneful interference of the House of Commons. The government of India before the change was conducted with exclusive and exceptional regard for the welfare of the population. For the foreign policy of the Indian Government and for its occasional wars the Crown was already responsible. The servants of the Company were the best and ablest of contemporary Englishmen. Mr. BRIGHT displays gross ignorance or deliberate injustice in the monstrous assertion that the Company was "the corrupt carcass of an old commercial body that had long found that conquest and slaughter were more profitable than trade." The Board of Directors had an undue preference for a peaceful and unambitious policy. They were opposed to WELLSELEY and to his great successors who completed the fabric of the Indian Empire, and they invariably preferred trade to conquest. It is of evil omen when Mr. BRIGHT appeals to English opinion against the English community in India. It is to be hoped that his praises of Lord RIPON will not sustain the Government in its desire to support a mischievous project.

#### EGYPT.

SINCE the occupation of Egypt began in September last there has been no such instance of Parliamentary intervention in Egyptian affairs as that arising out of the trial and execution of SULEIMAN SAMI. Mr. GLADSTONE was told he must take the responsibility of allowing the culprit to be executed. The English Government is all-powerful in Egypt; it could order a reprieve if it pleased; it was alleged that the man had not been fairly tried, and

therefore, until this doubt had been set at rest, the Government was called on to stay the execution. The contention of Mr. GLADSTONE was in the first instance that the English Government had no responsibility whatever. An Egyptian had been found guilty by an Egyptian tribunal; the ruler of the country approved the sentence of the Court; and the English Government had nothing to do with the matter. But it was not possible to insist on this argument too strongly, for SULEIMAN SAMI was condemned for the crime of arson, on which it was originally supposed that ARAPI would be tried, and Mr. GLADSTONE had pledged himself that ARAPI should have a fair trial. If he was to be tried fairly, so also were all those who had taken the part which he was alleged to have taken. The second contention of the Government was, therefore, that SULEIMAN SAMI had had a fair trial. It ultimately proved that this contention of the Government was perfectly correct. An Englishman and an Austrian sat on the tribunal which passed the sentence, and an English officer watched the case in order to see that the prisoner had perfectly fair play. The opinion of the Court was unanimous, Major MACDONALD was satisfied that strict justice had been done, and the prisoner himself confessed that he had committed the acts of which he was accused. But, although all this had taken place, the English Government did not know that it had taken place. It only inferred that justice must have been done because Sir EDWARD MALET had not in his communications with the Government made any reference to the matter. If Major MACDONALD had been dissatisfied, he would have advised Sir EDWARD MALET of his disapproval. Sir EDWARD MALET would have instantly communicated with Downing Street, or would more probably have himself acted on an occasion of such pressing emergency, and have asked the KHEDIVE for a respite. As Sir EDWARD MALET had done nothing, everything must be right; but the Government, although full of confidence in Sir EDWARD MALET, wished to have more information, and telegraphed to know exactly what had happened. Unfortunately the answers of the Government to its questioners led to the natural supposition that the Government was instructing Sir EDWARD MALET to stay the execution unless he was perfectly satisfied of its justice. It became, therefore, very material to know at what hour the telegram was despatched asking for information, as it was useless if it only arrived when the man was dead. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE cannot be fairly held to have gone beyond his proper sphere as leader of the Opposition when he asked for formal explanations of the seeming inconsistency of the Government. He did not come between the Government and Egypt, but he asked what the Government had itself been doing in redemption of the undertaking which it was supposed to have given to Parliament. The Government, in short, was right in what it did, but not right, or, at least, not at all clear, in the account which it gave of what it was doing. The leader of the Opposition can scarcely act in a more legitimate way than when he calls on the head of the Government to set himself right with the House of Commons.

If this had been all, there would have been no Parliamentary intervention that could be considered unfairly to embarrass the English or the Egyptian Government. But this was by no means all. The KHEDIVE was accused of sanctioning the sentence of a tribunal which had not been properly constituted, and had arrived at an unjust conclusion. The KHEDIVE had, in this instance, so very good an answer to give that he was delighted to give it. He had been called, as he conceived, to the bar of public opinion in England, and he answered the challenge by breathing his reply into the ears of the Correspondent of the *Times*. It was very natural and excusable that a foreign Prince, excessively anxious to stand well with England, should, when he knew himself to be unjustly accused, strive to set himself right with Englishmen. But it is obvious that the KHEDIVE cannot govern Egypt by means of answers in the *Times* or random talk in Parliament. The next time that he does not tell his story to a newspaper Correspondent, he will be held to admit the truth of the assertions of his gossiping accusers. It is better for him to bear with unjust calumny rather than dabble in newspaper confidences. There will, for a long time to come, be many things said of his Government which he cannot explain away. It will be only by very slow degrees that even the most glaring abuses of Egyptian administration can be removed. The

sun never sets on a day on which the weak in Egypt have not been cruelly treated, on which corrupt judgment has not been given, and the poor been robbed by the rich. The conclusion drawn by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and those who think with him is that England ought either to leave Egypt or annex it. If we stay there we must see that right is done. For the moment this is a mere academical proposition. Practically we can neither leave Egypt nor annex it. All that we can do is to hold Egypt with our army and set the Egyptians in the way of better things than they have ever yet known. The Egyptian Government can only slowly mend itself, and we can only slowly push it forward. The basis of the whole scheme which we are trying to carry out is that the Egyptian Government should act as a buffer between the English Government and Parliamentary criticism. To attacks in detail on the Egyptian Government the English Government can reply that the real question is whether, as a whole, the Egyptian Government is being improved. To attacks on itself for its management of Egypt the English Government can reply that the real question is whether, on the whole, it is helping the Egyptian Government to grow better. But if the KHEDIVE is to come forward in person and argue through the English press, he will subject himself to the very exacting and unfair standard of English popular criticism. His masters will be not the English Government, which will make great allowances for him, but the readers of newspapers and casual critics in Parliament, who will make no allowances for him. If the KHEDIVE allows himself to get entangled in the meshes of newspaper controversy he will be only playing into the hands of those who say that England must leave him to his fate or supersede him by annexation.

The accusers of the KHEDIVE, however, did not stop at calling him to account for ratifying the unjust sentence of a badly-constituted tribunal. They positively asserted that he had procured this sentence for his own guilty ends; and he was solemnly charged with having himself ordered the massacre at Alexandria. SULEIMAN SAMI owned that he set fire to the European quarter after the bombardment, but he said that he acted under orders from ARABI. It was alleged that ARABI had never been tried for ordering the burning of Alexandria because he had threatened that, if that case were investigated, he would go into another case, and show that the KHEDIVE had ordered the massacre of the previous month; and Lord DUFFERIN was stated to have hushed up the charges against ARABI in order to screen the KHEDIVE from ARABI's revelations. SULEIMAN SAMI was reviving the charge of arson against ARABI, and was thus supposed to be reviving the charges against the KHEDIVE, and therefore the KHEDIVE got him out of the way once for all through the agency of a servile court-martial. These were very grave charges, and unless those who made them had almost irresistible evidence to support them, they unquestionably were guilty of a gross abuse of the facilities for random calumny which their Parliamentary position gave them. Lord DUFFERIN, finding so pointed a reference made to him, wrote to Lord GRANVILLE a letter which Mr. GLADSTONE read to the House, and in which he said that when the friends of ARABI hinted that, unless ARABI was spared, they would make very awkward revelations as to the conduct of the KHEDIVE, he told them that they might reveal anything they pleased as far as he was concerned. He had not the slightest wish to screen the KHEDIVE, but he never came across any definite statement supported by anything like evidence which was injurious to the reputation of the KHEDIVE. There were rumours that some indefinite people could say some indefinite things against the KHEDIVE if they liked, but Lord DUFFERIN never got near even a reasonable ground of suspicion. He consulted Englishmen of eminence in Egypt who had excellent means of forming an opinion, and they all agreed that these rumours about the KHEDIVE were mere foolish lies. That Lord DUFFERIN screened the KHEDIVE may be held to be conclusively disproved. That there was nothing to screen is proved as conclusively as anything can be proved by mere negative evidence. It may also be accepted as incontrovertible that a grievous wrong was done to the KHEDIVE by a positive charge being made against him, not only if there was no evidence, but also if there was but slender or very trifling evidence. It will be fatal to the character of the English Parliament if members in a creditable position allow themselves to make charges against a foreign prince on the kind of

evidence which is supposed to warrant questions as to the conduct of Irish magistrates. But that those who made the charges against the KHEDIVE had nothing whatever to go upon is improbable, because one of the persons who made the charges was Sir HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF, who knows the East well, and has special knowledge of Egypt, and who has a character for ability and acumen to lose. There is probably something to be explained which admits of easy explanation. At the time of the massacre the KHEDIVE was a prisoner in the hands of rebels, who at once did everything without him and everything in his name. Any one at Cairo who got hold of the wires was at perfect liberty to say that the KHEDIVE ordered whatever the sender of the telegram wished to be done. Possibly it may be some message of this sort which will be submitted to the Government if the pledge of the accusers of the KHEDIVE to make good their charges is redeemed.

#### LORD GEORGE HAMILTON'S SCHEME.

WHATEVER may have happened on other evenings of the Session, the House of Commons on Tuesday night certainly did not waste its time. The subject which it discussed was of very great importance. The debate was conducted by persons for the most part adequate to its support, and the speeches were worthy of the occasion. The PRIME MINISTER, Mr. ILLINGWORTH, and Mr. O'CONNOR POWER failed, indeed, to respond to the note struck by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, and well maintained not merely by Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, Mr. GIBSON, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, but by Mr. TREVELYAN and Mr. PARNELL. Of Mr. ILLINGWORTH and Mr. POWER it is not necessary to speak, but it is permissible to deplore the spectacle which Mr. GLADSTONE presented as compared with his IRISH SECRETARY. The subject before Mr. TREVELYAN's mind appeared to be the merits of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's proposition. The subject before Mr. GLADSTONE was evidently the perfections of the Land Act. Not even the opportunities which the financial character of the scheme offered to such a master of finance could prevent the PRIME MINISTER from displaying the unlucky touchiness as to his own infallibility which is the gravest of his many faults. When Lord GEORGE HAMILTON and Mr. GIBSON agree with Mr. TREVELYAN and Mr. PARNELL that a particular measure has failed in a particular point in Ireland it might be thought that the very genius of contradiction would fail to put in an appearance on the other side. But the most childish of all failings—the determination to be and to have been always in the right—never loses its command over Mr. GLADSTONE, and at the very moment when it is notorious and admitted that a particular description of property is in Ireland all but unsaleable, he takes gods and men to witness that "the principle of property has not been shaken" there. After such a speech even Mr. ILLINGWORTH and Mr. O'CONNOR POWER might plead that they had only followed their betters in degrading the character of an exceptionally good debate—a character which in the midst of them Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was fortunately able to vindicate and restore.

In order to justify this general opinion, it is by no means necessary to accept Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's scheme implicitly, or even to accept it at all. The misfortune of the PRIME MINISTER's utterances was, that they went far to subject the question to those party influences from which, in the hands of the mover and seconder, of the IRISH SECRETARY, and even of Mr. PARNELL himself, it had escaped. The sole objects which, in discussing such a question as this, statesmen ought at such a moment as the present to have before their eyes are the welfare of Ireland and the maintenance of sound economical principles for the whole kingdom. Even Mr. PARNELL (and this may be said after subjecting his speech to the severest criticism) displayed hardly any animus to counteract the undoubtedly business-like ability which he possesses. A scheme supported by Mr. PARNELL and by the *Pall Mall Gazette* may seem to be of necessity self-condemned in the eyes of all Englishmen who are not Radicals; but this would be too hasty an inference. The intelligent politician cannot admit so facile a solution of political problems as the simple insertion of a "not" into the creeds of Home Rulers and Radicals. That easy fashion of settling things political may be left to Radicals and

Home Rulers themselves, who indeed adopt it pretty constantly. Nor is it to be denied that Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's scheme, endorsed as it is by Mr. GIBSON, has very much to say for itself. It is certain to every person of intelligence in this kingdom, with the single exception of Mr. GLADSTONE, that the Land Act has introduced a cachexy into the conditions of land tenure in Ireland which cannot be permanent without acute evil showing itself. According to two entirely different views, this cachexy is, or at least may be, the state of being worse before you are better; according to a few pessimists, it is the state of being worse before you are worst. It is certain that land is with difficulty saleable, and it is equally certain that, while land is with difficulty saleable, the property with which the Land Act has endowed the tenant must be in proportion, if not in the same proportion, deteriorated with that which remains to the landlord. It is certain, on the other hand, that the great majority of the tenants regard the present state of things as merely an interim state of things. They ask "When is the next 'Land Act to be?'" And, if they are good enough to regard (as Mr. GLADSTONE regards) their present condition as a paradise, it is to be feared that they scandalize Mr. GLADSTONE's orthodox Christianity by being Buddhist in their views of parades, and imagining several states of bliss much superior to that into which he has inducted them. This is not a healthy state of things, and it is still less healthy that there should be an opportunity for alternately trying the two great English parties in hope of fresh sops. The Radical contention that this has always been done is, indeed, slightly audacious; for, whatever crimes may be chargeable against the Tory party, its record is certainly blank up to the present time of the crime of bribing the Irish vote. That was a Whig and is a Radical method of gaining and keeping office. But, as there is no knowing how long in these days the Tory party may be proof against the temptation, it is well, if it were possible, to remove it.

Unfortunately, it is impossible for any one who has studied Irish history, or who has an idea of financial policy, to accept Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's scheme with a light heart. It postulates the proposition that a peasant proprietor is all that is wanted to make Ireland happy; while it is at least possible for a qualified and impartial student of Irish matters to doubt whether a peasant proprietor is not the last thing needed to reduce Ireland to the lowest pitch of misery. It supposes that tenants who had the State for landlord (for the interposition of local authorities, though by no means presenting the practical difficulties which Mr. GLADSTONE affected to see, would never prevent any Irishman from regarding the State as his landlord) would put an end to Irish disaffection; while it is at least possible to contend that it would increase it tenfold if the change took place on any large scale. It apparently takes it for granted that the settlement once made would be final; while it is not extravagant to say that, supposing the scheme to be widely carried out, after a few years not an Irish member would be returned who did not pledge himself to agitate and obstruct for a relaxation of the terms. If the local authorities are composed of the upper classes, the old jealousy will remain; if they are of the stamp of some existing Town Councils, perpetual and unpopular vigilance will have to be exerted by the central Government to make them do their duty. Supposing the proposal, moreover, to be free from these drawbacks and to be generally accepted, there is still too much reason for fearing that the last state of Ireland would be worse than the first. It would tend still further to reduce the already lamentably small proportion of the upper and middle classes resident in the country, for, the value of the land once received, there would be nothing to keep them there. In a very short time the incurable economic incompetence of the Irish peasant would, in all probability, bring him into trouble again, when there would be none to help; and the vicious system of small holdings in a country suited only for great ones would be continued by it. In short, putting aside the vast and dangerous liabilities which, if carried out on the great scale, it would impose on the English and Scotch taxpayer (for the English and Scotch taxpayer could not allow the Irish local authority to repudiate or go bankrupt at its pleasure), the scheme seems but one more of the varied flyings in the face of nature which have served to create and prolong the Irish question. The one thing which is at fault with the Irish tenant is his own

improvidence and sleevelessness, and the one thing to cure this is to let him taste the consequences of them. Had a firm front been shown in the beginning of 1880, by assisting emigration to the utmost possible extent, putting down the Land League, and enforcing eviction for non-payment of rent, the question might have been to a great extent settled then. Mr. GLADSTONE's political exigencies willed otherwise, and the Irish question was once more made to live on cordials. But the conditions remaining the same, the difficulty must recur. If Mr. PARNELL could have his way, and prairie value were granted to-morrow, it would recur. If Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's well-meant and really ingeniously devised scheme for avoiding injustice to any one except such as is already inflicted by the Land Act be adopted, it will, it is to be feared, recur likewise. In so far as Lord GEORGE's scheme does exclude immediate injustice, it is to be commended. But the Alpha and the Omega of any satisfactory settlement of the Irish question is that the tenant who fails to make a living shall be left to stand the consequences of his failure, until the habits of the people and the economic system of the country have adjusted themselves freely and finally according to natural laws. Lord GEORGE's plan seems to be but one more attempt to stave off this inevitable alternative to constant disturbance.

#### SOUTH AFRICAN AFFAIRS.

LORD DERBY will be both skilful and fortunate if he effects a reasonable settlement of the various difficulties which exist in different parts of South Africa. Basutoland, Zululand, and the territory of the Bechuanas which borders on the Transvaal, all require the attention of the Government. A deputation of merchants and other colonists from the Cape lately attended at the Colonial Office to request relief from the burden of dealing with the Basutos; and Lord DERBY seemed partially to admit the justice of their demand. The Basutos some years ago voluntarily accepted English sovereignty, and their chiefs have repeatedly protested against the transfer of their allegiance to the Government of the Cape. The colonists were at that time jealous of interference with their local affairs, and more especially with their relations to the neighbouring natives. The new arrangement might perhaps have succeeded but for the impolitic attempt of the Cape Government and Legislature to enforce a disarmament of the Basutos. The Ministers who introduced the measure argued, with a certain show of reason, that, having no large game in their country, the natives could not want arms except for purposes of rebellion or war; but they ought not to have been surprised by the discovery that a prohibition of the use of fire-arms was regarded as an insult, if not a practical injury. Since the outbreak of the dispute, desultory hostilities have alternated with partial pacifications, from which some of the chiefs have always held aloof. The colony has at last come to the conclusion that the task of governing Basutoland is more troublesome than profitable; but, nevertheless, there are objections to the full recognition of native independence; and new complications may arise if it is true that the Cape Government has accepted from a principal chief the cession of his territory. Mr. GLADSTONE's statement that a Special Commissioner will be sent to examine the questions connected with the Transvaal may be regarded as satisfactory. The deputation to Lord DERBY, though it seems to have had no official character, probably expressed the opinion which is now prevalent in the colony. The Imperial Government is invited to resume the functions which it formerly discharged with success. It was assumed that the expense would be provided out of the English revenue. Lord DERBY reminded the deputation that the English taxpayer would not be inclined permanently to bear the expense of keeping the peace among native tribes for the benefit of the neighbouring colony. He probably pointed to some arrangement by which the Cape should, on payment of a fixed or variable sum, purchase exemption from the risk and trouble of coercing the native tribes; but Lord DERBY reasonably postpones his decision until he has acquired fuller information as to the wishes of the Basutos themselves. He is not, he says, disposed to turn out of the Empire subjects who wish to remain in it; and, on the other hand, he is not prepared to use coercion against the Basutos if any considerable proportion of their chiefs and

tribes decline voluntary submission. He also declines to ascertain the wishes and intentions of the Orange Free State, which ought in his opinion to protect its own frontier. It would probably not have been prudent to enter for the present into more definite engagements.

Further to the east the restoration of CETEWAYO is producing the consequences which were anticipated by all those who have watched the course of events, with the exception of the philanthropists, of Bishop COLENO, and of Lord KIMBERLEY. The local authorities unanimously disapproved of a wanton experiment, tried for reasons which have never yet been publicly explained. It is intelligible that Lord KIMBERLEY should have regarded CETEWAYO as the innocent victim of an unjustifiable policy; but the interest of the Zulu war had become merely historical; and it was the duty of the conquering Power to consider the interests of the whole population, and not the personal or sentimental claims of the dethroned potentate. The representative of the English Government, acting with undisputed authority, had conferred a right of sovereignty in their respective districts on a large number of petty chiefs. If it became necessary for reasons of paramount importance to rescind the grant, it was evidently incumbent on the sovereign Power to provide for the chiefs, and to protect them against the resentment of CETEWAYO. Accordingly, Sir HENRY BULWER recommended that about half the extent of the former Zulu kingdom should be retained under an English protectorate and administration, while the remainder, with a material exception, was handed over to its former ruler. That it would have been wiser to establish English sovereignty over the whole country was evidently the opinion of the experienced Governor of NATAL; but it was of course his duty to give effect to the decision of his superiors. The reason for cutting off a province in the north for USIBEBU was of a different kind. The province which was to be severed from the kingdom was difficult of access, and it was understood that its chief would not submit without armed resistance. It was equally out of the question to use force against USIBEBU or to allow CETEWAYO to be involved in civil war at the commencement of his reign. Lord KIMBERLEY cut in two the reserved territory as it had been proposed by Sir HENRY BULWER; and a part of the district awarded to USIBEBU was afterwards restored to CETEWAYO because it was found to be principally occupied by his adherents. The kingdom has been nevertheless curtailed both in the north and in the south.

The popular prejudice against annexation cannot reasonably be invoked in the present case. The reserved territory to the north of the Tugela is indeed governed by an English Commissioner; but the occupation of the land is reserved exclusively to natives, white settlers being absolutely and permanently excluded. A Natal paper which has done its utmost to mislead public opinion, and to thwart the beneficent activity of the Government, with conscious injustice attributes the reservation of the territory to the influence of "land-grabbers" in Natal. The accusation may, perhaps, when it was reproduced in a London journal, have caused misapprehension. Colonial readers knew that it was deliberately calumnious. Many of the chiefs have already expressed their intention of living in the reserved district; but they will be entitled at any time to change their minds, and to take their property into CETEWAYO's dominions. The KING while he was in England was informed by Lord KIMBERLEY himself of some of the conditions on which he was to be restored; and he was also told that other terms would be added by the High Commissioner at the Cape. Before he left the scene of his former captivity he had formally assented to the reservation of one province by the English Government and to the grant of independence to USIBEBU. It is true that he protested against both concessions; but he was repeatedly warned that the conditions were imposed by the Imperial Government, and that they were not subject to discussion. It is probable that he may have supposed that his protests entitled him to some reservation of the right of remonstrance. There could of course be no doubt that, if any opportunity should arise, he would attempt to recover the whole of his former dominions.

Having been landed on the coast CETEWAYO proceeded with a small English military escort, and in company with Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, to a place in his own territory where he was formally installed by the English Commissioner. He had on the way communicated with some of his partisans; but he was disappointed by the refusal of

some principal chiefs to attend the ceremony. He complained repeatedly of the territorial sacrifices which he had been compelled to make, and at that time he seemed to resent the allotment of a district to USIBEBU more bitterly than the English reservation. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, who had visited Zululand ten years before for the purpose of crowning CETEWAYO, was greatly impressed by changes in the manners and opinions of the people which had, according to their own account, chiefly occurred during the KING's absence. They spoke of the facilities given for earning money by labour in the colony as a new and great privilege, and they had learned that "shillings were better weapons than assegais wherewith to conquer property." Essayists on archaic history have seldom expressed so neatly the decisive transition from military tradition to the commercial conception of society. Unfortunately assegais are as yet by no means obsolete in Zululand; but as shillings become more numerous, they will be more and more habitually employed to capture cattle and other property. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE and the officer who commanded his small escort felt some uneasiness in consequence of the gathering in their neighbourhood of a considerable armed force; but CETEWAYO had no treacherous intentions, and fortunately there was no collision. Since that time the KING has been constantly restless and dissatisfied; and he has made frequent attempts to interfere with the chiefs in the reserved territory.

It is certain that the KING was cognizant of an expedition which lately invaded USIBEBU's territory. The leaders were at the KING's kraal two days before they crossed the border, and four days before a battle in which the aggressors suffered an entire defeat. In accordance with the Zulu habit of promoting family complications and feuds, MAKOTO, a brother of USIBEBU, was appointed to command the KING's forces. According to the most recent accounts, OHAM, the best known of CETEWAYO's numerous brothers, is in armed rebellion against the KING. It is not known whether OHAM has made common cause with USIBEBU. The impi, or army, of CETEWAYO, numbering 5,000 men, was routed by USIBEBU at the head of 1,500 men, and MAKOTO was killed. It is not at present known whether the battle was decisive, but it will probably tend to discourage further attacks for the present. CETEWAYO's force was organized on the old tribal system, and not in regular regiments. It is not improbable that he may attempt by degrees to revive the regular army which served him so well in the war, but perhaps the young men of the present day would object to CETEWAYO's severe discipline and to the prohibition of marriage. If the civil war in the north continues, the English authorities will only intervene by reproofs and warnings. There seems to be no present reason for fearing an attack on the reserved territory. Such an attempt would only be dangerous if CETEWAYO could rely on the support of the local population, and in all probability the chiefs who enjoy the benefit of English protection would resist CETEWAYO's claim to the sovereignty of the district. The Government of the Transvaal has lately complained of the disturbances on its eastern frontier, but it must be supposed to be capable of protecting itself. Fugitives from USIBEBU's country will scarcely be able to settle in the Transvaal without the permission of the Government. It is difficult not to grudge the enormous service which was rendered to the Transvaal Boers in the destruction of CETEWAYO's military power.

#### THE DYNAMITE CONSPIRATORS.

THERE will be little difference of opinion among Englishmen as to the result of the trial which came to an end at the Central Criminal Court on Thursday. Some indeed of those sympathizers with Irish rebels whom Mr. BRIGHT denounced with such vigour at Birmingham (perhaps to the secret discomfort of some of his companions at table) may extend their sympathy to criminals who are not technically rebels. The gravity of the crime, its comparative novelty, and the importance of making an example probably justified the unusual composition of the Court which tried the offenders. American plotters cannot be too clearly informed of what they have to expect, and though Lord COLE RIDGE thought it well to rebuke a counsel who blurted out the facts with more accuracy than discretion, it is

notorious that such clear information was needed. At the same time neither jury nor judges can be accused of indiscriminate eagerness to punish innocent and guilty alike. The acquittal of BERNARD GALLAGHER and ANSBURGH was no doubt quite right under the circumstances, though in times past the associates of conspirators have smarted for much less clearly proved association. That BERNARD GALLAGHER was almost a continual drunkard, and that ANSBURGH was, in his own words, a man who had left America under unpleasant circumstances, and was on the look-out for work, are facts which might, in the hands of a Crown prosecutor determined to secure his prey, have been used rather against the prisoners than in their favour. But it is now the humane and not unwise rule for Crown prosecutors not to play to win further than the public safety requires it; and, though BERNARD GALLAGHER and ANSBURGH have no reason to complain of their luck, the public also has no reason to complain of it.

With respect to the principals it is scarcely possible to feel the smallest doubt of their guilt. When so able a lawyer and so accomplished an advocate as Mr. EDWARD CLARKE evidently stakes his game chiefly on the familiar attempt to double on the phrase "levying war," it is clear that there can be very little else to say on the same side. The defence of the prisoner WHITEHEAD, though put with the coolness and command of language and argument which are rather commoner among American than among English criminals of the lower class, in the same way indicated the hopelessness of his case. It is perfectly true that there are other than political uses for nitro-glycerine, but not one single prisoner made the faintest attempt to show that the nitro-glycerine which was in their possession, and which WHITEHEAD beyond controversy manufactured, was intended for any of these purposes. The truth is that, though the evidence of the informer NORMAN filled up the story and supplied the key to it, the unquestioned actions of the prisoners could by no possibility be made compatible with an attempt to smuggle nitro-glycerine for merely commercial purposes. It is true that there are restrictions on the manufacture, sale, and possession of this commodity; but these restrictions do not appreciably affect its price. It is cheap enough in all conscience as it is; and it may be said with great confidence that the proved expenditure of the four condemned men in producing and handling their ware would make the resulting dynamite pound for pound the very dearest sample of the stuff that has ever been produced. Smugglers are not accustomed to put themselves to expenses to cover which they would have to charge many times the price of their article in the open and recognized market. It is therefore by no means the case that these men have been convicted solely on the evidence of NORMAN, though no doubt NORMAN's evidence, as coming from behind the scenes, was valuable, and without it tender consciences might not have felt that absolute confidence in the justice of the sentence which they may now feel.

Penal servitude for life is, in fact, what it is currently said to be, a frightful punishment; but it has been in this case inflicted in return for a far more frightful crime. With respect to the construction which brings that crime within a particular statute little need be said. As it happens, the American-Irish scoundrels who plot these evil deeds are caught in their own toils on the merely verbal view of the matter. Nothing pleases them better than to talk of the dynamite war, and of themselves as belligerents. With an irony which in ruder but more straightforward times would pretty surely have been remarked on by bar or bench, the law of England has taken them at their word, and complimented them with the appropriate punishment. But, putting this aside, no one can doubt the soundness of the view which includes in the phrase of levying war all anarchic conspiracies, whatever may be the means and instruments used by the levier. There would, indeed, be no use in having statutes of treason or of treason felony at all if such an attempt as this could pass unpunished or be smuggled in among minor offences. Lord COLERIDGE did not in the least exaggerate the utter wantonness, the wholly unprovoked character of the crime. He scarcely urged its heinousness as strongly as he might have done. It is scarcely too much to say that the ruffians who week by week have for the past month or so been strung up at Kilmainham were guilty of a deed but little less black than that which GALLAGHER and WHITEHEAD and their tools to a certainty meditated, if they did not in part carry it out. The victims of the one

set were at any rate persons in official connexion with the Government which their murderers wished to overthrow; the victims who must, in all probability, have been sacrificed by scores if the plans of the other set had succeeded, could by no ingenuity of sophistry or perversity of delusion be held to stand in any such position. There may not improbably be many persons who will think that the punishment, severe as it is, is inadequate for such a crime, but that is a matter of opinion and of legislative arrangement. If the present sentence does not avail to deter foreigners from intruding into matters wherein they have no concern, with blood-thirsty and destructive intent, then it may be time to consider stronger measures. It has been constantly maintained that it is by the exercise of strict vigilance and sharp remedies under the municipal law, much rather than by good offices on the part of foreign Governments, that the prevention of such pestilent crimes as this is likely to be secured. In the investigations respecting this matter, a very imperfect sense of what may be called the conditions has been manifested by more than one of the parties concerned. One may conceive how it is that, bewildered by the poisonous trash spouted at Emerald Clubs and in the columns of American newspapers, accustomed to see the half-mischiefous and half-foolish chattering of O'DONOVAN ROSSA and his like quoted, and reported, and discussed as interesting subjects, tempted by the love of money and the love of mischief, Irish-Americans should enter into these plots. The sentence of Thursday will probably open the eyes of at least some who might have been deluded hereafter to the real nature of the game they play.

#### THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

THE result of the division which rewarded the lavish expenditure and the adroit canvassing of a few wealthy law-breakers on Monday in the House of Lords is not, it may be hoped, final; and for this reason, if for no other, it is still necessary, and may be useful, to discuss once more a disgusting and exhausted subject. It is, indeed, a sufficiently lamentable thing that in a brief space of time agitation should have succeeded in persuading the House of Commons to pass a resolution in favour of free trade in fornication and the House of Lords to vote for the second reading of a Bill removing legal restrictions on incest. But, considering the well-known circumstances which alone have made possible such a division as that of Monday, it is still conceivable that a majority of the House of Lords may not be found to persevere in supporting a measure repugnant to morality and religion, prejudicial to the social welfare of the country, and, politically speaking, involving a precedent of the very gravest mischief. The sole forces at the back of the Bill are, it is well known, the private desires of a number of persons who can afford to pay for the gratification of them; the somewhat inexplicable, but unfortunately undoubted, influence exerted by other persons who can bring exceptional leverage to bear upon the House of Lords; and, lastly, the undying determination of the English political Dissenter to range himself, no matter in what quarrel, on the side opposite to that taken by the Anglican Church. But for the first of these the question would have no vitality at all; but for the third the delusive signatures which swell petitions could not be obtained; but for the second the attempt to secure a vote from the sober sense of the House of Lords would be hopeless. It may be questioned whether in the whole history of Parliament a more utterly hollow agitation has been kept up than this, and certainly no such agitation has ever yet succeeded in finding countenance in the House of Lords. The only thing that can be said to explain the result is that animal passion is certainly one of the strongest of human motives, and money one of the strongest of human means. The motive has worked steadily, and the means have been lavishly applied, until an appearance of success has rewarded the operation. But that one hundred and sixty-five members of the House of Lords should have voted with Lord DALHOUSIE on Monday night is perhaps the most discouraging fact of recent days, as far as the chance of securing attention for important political and social arguments in that or any other assembly is concerned.

One thing may be said with certainty, and that is—whatever may have been the case with the minority, not

one single member of the majority can possibly have had his vote determined by argument delivered on the occasion. It was impossible for the entire ground of the question to be covered more completely than it was by Lord CAIRNS. There is not a single argument which has been at any time assigned for the Bill which was not met and refuted in this remarkable address, which is probably the most remarkable delivered in either House for some years considered as a complete refutation in summary of a long series of arguments. On the other side (for Lord DALHOUSIE declined to argue at all, and Lord CARRINGTON seems to have been accidentally prevented last year from delivering the speech which he pronounced) there is only to be placed the eccentric utterance of Lord BRAMWELL. Lord BRAMWELL likes to be singular, and the knowledge that two Lord Chancellors and Lord Chief Justice were on the other side may possibly account for a proceeding which seems inconsistent with his own very frequently and recently announced distaste to alterations in the law. But it is certain that if Lord BRAMWELL had been accustomed to argue in the fashion in which he argued on Monday night, English law would lack one of its best deserved reputations. It is not necessary to deprecate joking on this subject, for it may be shrewdly suspected that, if the restraints of gravity were dropped, the coveters of deceased wives' sisters would scarcely get the best of the somewhat unsavoury conflict which would follow. But a lawyer of Lord BRAMWELL's acuteness might surely have perceived that his little joke about a wife being her own sister and therefore her husband's sister is voided by the simple fact that she does not stand in any such relation to her husband till after she has married him. If this kind of scholasticism is to be exchanged it will not be very difficult to find plenty of diamonds to cut Lord BRAMWELL's brilliants. But Lord BRAMWELL's excursion into the domain of fallacy can be more seriously met than this. He is reported to have said, "Here were a man and woman in 'every way fitted for each other in respect of age, station, and disposition, with that reasonable affection for one another without which matrimony should not be contracted, and with the additional circumstance making marriage between them desirable, that the man had a tender helpmate for his children, and that the woman loved them for their own sakes and for the sake of her 'sister.'" Perhaps Lord BRAMWELL will explain what single phrase in this argument fails to justify at least a second marriage with a man's own sister? She is presumably as well suited to him in age as his wife's sister, certainly suited to him in station, probably more suited in disposition than any stranger in blood. They have to each other, by hypothesis, that reasonable affection without which marriage should not be contracted. The woman loves her nephews and nieces already (at least in most cases) for their own sakes and for the sake of her brother. The acutest judge on the Bench may be very respectfully asked to point out a single flaw in the analogy.

Nor let it be said that this is mere trifling, and that nobody is arguing for a man's being allowed to marry his own sister. For perhaps the strongest non-political and non-theological argument against the proposed license is that it is logically but an instalment. It carries indeed many minor intrinsic evils with it. Of these not the least has been pointed out before, and was well urged by Lord CAIRNS—the dangerous anomaly of creating a kind of minor marriage, a marriage which is not like the ordinary marriage by registrar, a mere matter of the choice of the parties, but legally and enforcedly inferior. But the greatest evil of the social kind is that every argument brought for the change strikes at all prohibitions on the score of affinity, and that some at least strike at prohibitions on the score of consanguinity. The American free-marriage authorities whom Lord DALHOUSIE has invoked allow marriage with a mother and then with her daughter, with a daughter and then with her mother, marriage between a nephew and his aunt, and marriage between an uncle and his niece. Few people, it is said, will want to imitate this. But the people who want to marry their wives' sisters are far fewer in proportion to the whole population than these fresh cravers after things forbidden are likely to be in proportion to the lovers of their sisters-in-law. Among the poor, for whom the promoters of the Bill have a touching thoughtfulness, it is but too notorious that the most revolting forms of incest, if not exactly common, are far from unknown. Is Lord BRAMWELL going to argue that a daughter has a reasonable affection for her father

and a tender care for his other children already, and therefore will make the most suitable wife for him? The truth is that, as has been over and over again shown, the existing system of prohibition (which, despite the quibble about voidness and voidability, has notoriously been recognized in England from time immemorial) is consistent, homogeneous, and, what is more, constructed with a view to the prevention of obvious and dangerous disorders. The object of the law is that the "sweetness of affiance," the fearless and stainless intercourse which exists between all those who are likely to be habitually and under circumstances of opportunity and temptation thrown together, shall be assured by custom and convention. The proposed law makes the first breach in this convention, and it cannot be doubted that others will follow. It may be "shocking" to Lord BRAMWELL's innocent mind to have it hinted that as soon as a sister-in-law becomes a possible wife she will be in a very dubious position in her brother-in-law's house, even before her sister's death, and in an impossible one after it. Unfortunately for Lord BRAMWELL's delicacy, the passions of men and women are constant quantities, and no method has yet been found of restraining them but the institution in one form or another of the taboo. Nothing will combat appetite but conscience, and nothing will keep conscience active but the maintenance inviolate by public convention of its principal laws. Sanction the breaking of one of these laws in such matters as this, and you weaken all.

#### ANNEXATIONS IN THE PACIFIC.

IF the latest telegram from Melbourne is to be trusted, it is obvious that the appetite of the Australian Colonial Governments is growing by what it feeds on. They are said to be about to ask the Imperial Government to take possession of the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands, and other groups in the Pacific. It is not yet known in England whether the Ministry has resolved to approve of the annexation of New Guinea; but there is apparently no doubt about it in the minds of the Colonials, and, having once put their hand to the plough, they are going on till the work is done. They will not think that things are on a satisfactory footing till all the islands round Fiji and New Guinea are under the English flag. For various reasons the colonists have long wished to see this brought about, and there are many persons in England who will support their request. It is only a few months since a deputation of certain Missionary Societies wasted much eloquence on the hopeless task of trying to make Lord DERBY approve of a proposal to annex the New Hebrides. The motives of the Australians, the Aborigines' Protection Society, and the missionaries are probably widely different; but they are unanimous in urging the Imperial Government to take possession of these unannexed islands, and there are many signs that the time has come for a definite settlement of the question.

It would be an entire mistake to suppose that the colonies are asking the Home Government to begin a wholly new policy, or that they are necessarily influenced by mere greed and ambition. The assumption of direct sovereignty over these islands would only be the logical consequence of the course which has been pursued towards them for many years. Several of the Foreign Jurisdiction Acts passed since 1843 contain provisions which just stop short of annexation. The Orders in Council of 1877 establish a regular police, and provide for enforcing the criminal law of England all over the Western Pacific Islands. The object of these Orders was to give the courts in Australia and Fiji the powers needed for the punishment of the adventurers who swarm in those regions. If the conditions had remained unaltered, they would be sufficient to do all that needs to be done to maintain law and order. If the number of Englishmen is small, if they only visit the islands occasionally, and make no settlements, the presence of a few cruisers may serve to keep them in check. The fear of being brought before an English court will deter traders from indulging in piracy and kidnapping. Missionaries may be trusted not to commit violent crimes. But the time has apparently gone by when these islands were visited only by passing traders and missionaries. The recently published Blue-Book on New Guinea shows that settlements are likely to be formed. Adventurers from Australia swarm into any of them on the mere rumour that gold has been found.

Others roam about in search of timber. Even if they are not criminal, these men are likely to be rough and injudicious in their dealings with the natives. Causes of quarrel are only too easy to find, and acts of violence are done on both sides. The missionaries complain, probably with good reason, that the English are frequently the aggressors. The natives do not discriminate in their revenge, and the peaceful white trader pays for the offences of his countrymen. As a rule, however, the whites go in gangs, take care to be armed, and are prepared to defend their lives. A chronic private war is the natural result of such a state of things. It is obvious that something much more effective than the occasional visits of a gunboat is needed to control these adventurers, and afford protection to the missionaries and honest traders, and to the natives themselves. There is only one way in which it can be given. Agents of the English Government must be established in each group of islands, and must be supplied with power to keep order; but that, under whatever name it may be disguised, is annexation. It is impossible to suppose that these islands can be kept from finally falling into the hands of white colonists. From the moment that Europeans begin to frequent them the destruction of the native tribal systems is certain. Even if there were nobody in the field except ourselves, the final occupation of all these islands would be merely a question of time. But, as the colonists know, the question would probably not be left to us to settle by ourselves. Other peoples are beginning to look for colonies in the Western Pacific, and France, in particular, is at the present moment portentously active. The Australians are thoroughly justified by all our experience of colonial history if they shrink from the prospect of having any neighbours at all, and particularly French neighbours. Nothing could be more certain to produce minor disturbances of every kind, and finally war. Even if our present system of leaving the government of the Western Pacific in the hands of naval officers were likely to prove practicable among ourselves much longer, it would not work for a day if another European Power were to interfere, even without going so far as to take possession. The history of our North American colonies shows clearly enough that two civilized Powers are absolutely certain to come into conflict with one another if both are engaged in colonizing in the same region. The probability that, as things stand, they may some day find themselves in very much the same position as the North American plantations were with Canada in the hands of the French, has stirred the Australians up to try to settle the ownership of the Western Pacific Islands while it is yet time to do it without trouble.

But the fact that the question is complicated by considerations of international politics makes it particularly necessary that the Imperial Government should act with caution. It must bear the burden and responsibility, and must, therefore, have the uncontrolled power of deciding. Unfortunately, it has tied its hands to a certain extent. Lord DERBY pointed out to the deputation which waited on him to urge the annexation of the New Hebrides, that England and France have already come to an understanding as to the course which they are to follow towards those islands. Neither Power is to occupy them without the consent of the other. This compromise was made when it seemed that it would be enough if we could save the New Hebrides from being turned into a penal settlement as New Caledonia has been. It was a half measure, and has all the defects of such expedients; but it is not consistent with the dignity of the English Government to attempt to recede from an engagement into which it voluntarily entered. The advocates of annexation must also remember that the European adventurers in the Western Pacific are not all Englishmen. Some of those in the New Hebrides are said to be Frenchmen. In the present condition of French feeling they may be sure that their interests, real or imaginary, will be vigorously protected. As our main object in acting on the advice of the colonists would be to avoid difficulties in the future, we may reasonably insist on acting so as not to precipitate difficulties. The relations between France and England will not stand much further strain. It is also well to remember that we shall not necessarily have to lay our account with European opposition only. The natives may very possibly give trouble too. If the English Government takes possession of those islands, it will not leave the inhabitants at the mercy of squatters. The islanders must be

saved from the fate of a Pawnee tribe on an Indian reservation. We cannot allow adventurers from Australia to push their fortunes by the usual methods of such persons. But in that case it will be necessary, before anything else is done, to find out what the establishment of a properly organized administration will cost. It will also be necessary to have a distinct understanding as to who is to bear the burden till the new possessions can pay their way. We cannot allow that it is an open question whether the Imperial or the Colonial Government is to decide as to what is to be done, and when and on what conditions. All these things must be settled in England. But when a step is taken by the Home Government entailing a heavy responsibility, and in all probability a serious outlay, for the sake of a colony, it is not unreasonable to ask the latter to bear its share of the expenses. The Australian colonies know that they will be defended by England, and must not be encouraged to launch out on adventurous foreign politics unchecked by any feeling of responsibility. It would be both cowardly and unwise to refuse the request of the Australians simply in order to avoid immediate trouble. The time may very possibly have come when the islands of the Pacific can no longer be left to their savage inhabitants and open to any European enterprise. In that case it is our interest and our duty to put our sovereignty over them out of the reach of any attack. But it would be a half measure of a very fatal kind if the Australian colonies were allowed to act for themselves. What is done must be done by the Imperial Government on a full understanding of the circumstances, and done thoroughly.

#### THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

THE labours of the Channel Tunnel Committee proceed with some slowness, and the disadvantages of this method of dealing with the question may be said to have been already illustrated. The Committee, as was expected by all who had knowledge of the subject, has before it a large and increasing body of evidence; but this evidence to a great extent consists of what may be mathematically called incommensurables. To weigh commercial advantages, or the possibility of them, against national danger, the risk of panics, and the certainty of increased expense, is perhaps a possible process, but it is possible only by the exercise of personal judgment on personal responsibility. This exercise is properly the business of the Executive Government rather than of a Committee of either or both Houses of Parliament. Nevertheless, the evidence, as hitherto reported, has been a not unimportant addition to what was previously known in the case, and it certainly has not tended in any way to overthrow or to weaken the objections of those who deprecate the destruction of the English frontier, or rather, as the Duke of CAMBRIDGE put it happily enough, the creation of a frontier, with its responsibilities, which at present does not exist. On the contrary, perusal of the reports may be said to have strengthened these objections very much by the revelation of a very curious application of the law of *cui prodest* in the case—an application not altogether unsuspected, but not so fully revealed by any means in the preliminary discussions as in these patient hearings of what anybody who has an imaginable *locus standi* chooses to come and say on the subject.

In the first place, this application is noteworthy in the commercial evidence itself, and not merely in the comparison of the commercial evidence with the non-commercial. There is no need to find any fault with the frankness with which most of the commercial witnesses confined themselves to the probable effect of the Tunnel each on his own pocket. That was in effect what they were asked to do, and they might very fairly say that it is the business of the Government—not theirs—to look to reasons of State. But it is most noteworthy that in almost every case the opinions given in favour of the Tunnel or against it were exactly proportioned to the individual expectation of gain or loss. That an American witness should recommend it may be taken as a foregone conclusion. It would certainly be a convenience to America to have unbroken railway communication from Liverpool, which is in effect the other end of the Atlantic ferry, and it cannot be of any importance to Americans that Englishmen should tax themselves, worry themselves, and endanger their country's safety, in order to confer this benefit on the

inhabitants of the United States. But in English witnesses the proportion of evidence to interest was curiously exact. The representatives of some Northern railways, hoping for a share of the through traffic, were favourable; the representatives of the Western railways, who would not be likely to share, were not favourable, and were even sceptical of any benefit. The shipowners of the North, confiding probably in their ability to compete with land carriage, were favourable or indifferent. The shipowners and port-owners of the South, who would be directly interfered with, were unfavourable. A dealer in pots approves of the Tunnel as lessening the chance of breakage to his bulky and brittle wares. The Governor of the Bank of England, who may be called a dealer in money, which does not suffer much from break of gauge, is against it. So far, therefore, as any conclusion is to be drawn from this part of the evidence, it can only be said that apparently some interests think they would gain and others think they would lose, and that the people who think they would gain are for it, and the people who think they would lose are against it. It may be added, without levity, that a result like this does not put the question much "further." Even if it were possible to balance the account and set the gains against the losses, it is clearly not on such evidence or for such a result that the defences of England ought to be weakened and her burdens increased. But a similar result, and one not perhaps quite so expected, is obtained in another class of witnesses—the class of scientific experts. The testimony of many of these is not, on the face of it, unfavourable to the Tunnel. Colonel BEAUMONT, who indeed is a strongly interested party, is certain that the Tunnel can be safely made; Sir F. ABEL is certain it can be blown up; the Director of Fortifications is certain that its landward end can be efficiently guarded. It is not making an uncomplimentary remark to these gentlemen to suggest that any contrary opinions on their part would argue a remarkable distrust each in his own special art and mystery. If engineering cannot make satisfactory tunnels, it is of no use to keep engineers; if explosives cannot be trusted to blow up what they are wanted to blow up, a man of science and spirit would certainly not devote his life to explosives; and a Director of Fortifications, being a man of honour, would of course throw up his post if he were convinced that Dover cannot be saved by fortifying. This consideration does not destroy the value of such evidence, but it is at least a formidable set-off to it. It is especially formidable when the third class of testimony is considered—the testimony of which Sir LINTORN SIMMONS, Sir ASTLEY COOPER KEY, and the Duke of CAMBRIDGE are the most distinguished exponents. Here not only is the evidence all the other way, but the result of the application of the test is quite the other way too. It is not in the least the interest of any of these gallant officers to deprecate a Tunnel. If a Tunnel is made, the army and the navy, as they very frankly tell us, will be more, not less, in request than before. By deprecating it they are actually contravening the dictates of professional vanity and professional interest. If a famous military engineer, an admiral of experience afloat and ashore, and a commander-in-chief recommended the nation to build a great fortress, to make work for a more powerful navy, to create the new interests and patronage involved in the increase of the army by a permanent garrison eight or ten thousand strong, it might be well to suspect the advice. But the facts are exactly the other way. These distinguished counsellors do not tell us that there is nothing like leather. They tell us that leather is a very costly and a very dubiously efficient article in the circumstances. There could hardly be a greater guarantee of sincerity and of trustworthiness than this.

The evidence of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, as reported, sums up once more in a very plain but singularly straightforward and effective manner the arguments—it is scarcely rash to call them the unanswerable arguments—against the Tunnel. Grant that some commercial advantage would result. This is of itself dubious, but grant it. It will be admitted, even by Sir EDWARD WATKIN himself, that no such commercial advantage can possibly balance the risk of a forced capitulation to a sudden enemy. But, say Sir EDWARD and his friends, this capitulation is a chimera. It is here that the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF's evidence, supported by almost the whole weight of military testimony and of common sense, comes in. Grant that the most perfect appliances can be devised for destroying the Tunnel. They must be used

either before the declaration of war or after. If a minute is allowed to elapse after, accident, treachery, or the celerity of the enemy may make them useless. If before, where is the Government which would take the responsibility of destroying millions-worth of property, perhaps for nothing? Every Englishman of sense knows that not one English statesman in a hundred would take that responsibility, and that, as time goes on, it is less, not more, likely that it would be taken. At the moment when an exceptionally strong Government has avowed itself unable to screw itself up to the point of accepting the responsibility of making a Tunnel or refusing to make one, who will say that any Government would take the responsibility of destroying it? Then there is the necessary increase of the army. At the present moment the authorities are confessing mournfully that they cannot get recruits; that, though they advertise like the cheap schoolmaster "duty unlimited, and no corporal punishment," recruits will not come in. That the Tunnel would involve an increase in the army is a fact undisputed. The best authorities say that it would mean a very much larger increase than the few thousands necessary to garrison Dover. No authority disputes the necessity of those few thousands. Where, it may be asked, are the few thousands in excess to come from when there is a deficit of many thousands as it is, and how does a country which grumbles already at its army expenditure like the prospect of paying for them? There is, indeed, an answer to this and to all questions of the kind—an answer to which the Tunnel advocates are very welcome if they like to use it. The Tunnel *plus* the conscription is at least a consistent and reasonable proposal. They wish to make England a Continental Power; to annihilate the Channel. Be it so; the appointed burdens of a Continental Power will then follow. When the Tunnel is made, the first two passengers to come over will be National Danger and Compulsory Service. One may be sent back, but most assuredly not both.

#### FRENCH POLITICAL FREAKS.

THE French Senate cannot, any more than the English House of Lords, complain of having no friends. Whenever either body has any important measure before it, a multitude of disinterested advisers at once present themselves. Ordinarily speaking the French Radical, like his English brother, has no love for Second Chambers. He prefers the sweet simplicity of a single Assembly, to which is given neither time for thought nor place for repentance. So long however as Second Chambers are suffered to exist, they will occasionally have the power of thwarting, or at least delaying, the accomplishment of some end which lies very near the heart of the Radical party. It is quite astonishing how eager the Radicals become under these circumstances that the Second Chamber shall not injure itself by obstinate resistance. On their own showing obstinate resistance is precisely the line they should most wish a Second Chamber to take. Such resistance must end, they say, in the reconstruction or abolition of the ill-advised Assembly which offers it, and there is nothing which at other times they more ostentatiously desire than one or other of these alternatives. It is odd, therefore, to find them, with reconstruction or abolition almost within their reach, imploring the Second Chamber not to push matters to this extreme. Why should it not be left to push matters to any extreme it likes, if the only result of so doing will be its own ruin?

It is suspicious, therefore, to find M. RANC addressing an affectionate appeal to the Senate to pass the Magistracy Bill without material alteration. When the Senate rejects a measure in which M. RANC is interested, he commonly makes the vote a text for a homily on the necessity of revising the Constitution. How can the Republic exist with a Second Chamber which has shown itself so entirely out of harmony with the Chamber which directly represents the people? To-day it is not a question of rejection, but of the risk of rejection; yet, instead of tempting the Senate to its fate, M. RANC is only anxious that it should give no occasion to the Revisionists to press their favourite project upon the country. Probably M. RANC is secretly convinced that the country cares so little about the Magistracy Bill that its rejection would in no way endanger the position of the Senate in the Constitution.

Consequently the only way of making sure of the Magistracy Bill is to frighten the Senate into passing it. If this plan fails, the indifference of the country to the loss of the reform which is alleged to be so indispensable may encourage the Senate to further experiments in the same direction.

At present it seems likely that M. RANC's tactics will succeed. The Senate is not a courageous body; and, though it has once or twice stood to its guns and found that no harm has come of it, it is always doubtful whether it will not shrink in any given case from adding to the catalogue of its offences. As commonly happens, there is a compromise talked of which will have the double advantage of conceding the main issue, and yet appearing to modify the Bill in its most important particular. It seems to be admitted that the number of judgeships in France is in excess of the requirement; and no serious opposition would be offered to a Bill suppressing a specific number of tribunals, or reducing the staff of which each tribunal is composed. The compromise which will be proposed to, and very possibly accepted by, the Senate, would not only enable the Government to take this step, but would empower them to dismiss any judge they thought fit, provided that the total number so dismissed did not exceed the number of places suppressed. Thus if a judgeship was abolished at Bordeaux and Toulouse, the Keeper of the Seals might dismiss judges at Lille and Rheims, the only limit being that the list of persons dismissed did not in the end exceed the list of places abolished. The fatal objection to this scheme is that it really gives the Government all that they can care to have. There might be only one hundred judgeships suppressed in all France, and yet, if the Government were permitted to send about their business, not the occupants of the particular posts done away with, but any judges they might choose, the terror excited in the magistracy would be just as great as though the unlimited power given by the Bill as it stands were retained in its final form. The political value of irremovability lies in the hold which it gives the Executive over the judicial body. Magistrates cease to be independent because they hold their offices at the mercy of a Minister. But whether they can all be dismissed at pleasure, or only a fraction of them, is of no importance, provided that the choice of this fraction rests with the Government. That single condition is enough to deprive of all its value the irremovability of the remainder.

Two incidents of greater, because more personal, interest than the fortunes of any Bill have lately occupied the attention of the French public. One of these is the marriage of the Sub-Prefect of La Flèche, the other the terms of the offer made to M. RIBOT by GAMBETTA, at the time when the Great Ministry was in process of formation. The Sub-Prefect, or rather the lady the Sub-Prefect was about to marry, was anxious that the ceremony should not be purely civil. But to the performance of any ecclesiastical rites there was the fatal barrier that the Sub-Prefect had been excommunicated for his share in the dispersion of the Benedictines at Solesmes. The Abbot, however, was merciful, the excommunication was removed, and the Sub-Prefect went on his honeymoon with the consciousness that all the ceremonies needed to propitiate his bride had been duly performed. Either as a coincidence or a consequence of this the monks, or some of them, returned to the abbey, and a force of fifteen gendarmes and six locksmiths was sent about a fortnight ago to expel them once more. When the gendarmes arrived they found no one in possession but a gardener engaged in tending the monastic lettuces. The explanation of this seems to have been that the Government were willing to connive at the return of the monks to the abbey so long as they were not caught there when the gendarmes paid their visit, and the monks had been somehow apprised that the visit would be made on that particular day. Unfortunately for the community of Solesmes, Mgr. FREPPEL is more concerned in bringing ridicule upon the Government than in minimizing the friction between them and the religious orders. The incidents of the Sub-Prefect's marriage supplied him with a capital story to tell to the Chamber, and he was not disposed to let the opportunity slip because the immediate result might be to stimulate the authorities to resume the suspended crusade. It is not at all the wish of the Extreme Right that the Church should find the bark of the Republic worse than its bite. Indeed, the more French Catholics can be convinced that the bark will always be followed by

a bite the more disposed they will be to welcome any other form of government as a change for the better. M. MADIER DE MONTJAN was quite willing to make common cause with the Bishop of ANGERS in pinning down the Government to its avowed policy, and at his instigation the Chamber adopted an order of the day approving all former steps taken to disperse the religious congregations, and pledging the Government to adopt similar measures whenever necessary. It is to be feared that the Sub-Prefect will come but badly out of this conflict. To have asked to have an excommunication removed is a sin of too deep a dye to be lightly forgiven.

GAMBETTA's overtures to M. RIBOT are interesting because they bear on the question of the hour. M. REINACH has lately published the fact that GAMBETTA, when he set to work to form the Great Ministry, was anxious in the first instance to make it co-extensive with the Republican party. When M. RIBOT declined the offer of a seat in his Cabinet, GAMBETTA volunteered the assurance that there was no substantial difference between them on the question of irremovability. He was as determined as M. RIBOT himself that this principle should not be tampered with, and he gave as his reason the harm which the Empire had done itself by not maintaining it in its full integrity. M. RIBOT thought that GAMBETTA's resolution would not stand the pressure that would be brought to bear on it when once his Ministry was formed, and he declined the offer. But it may be imagined how inopportune this disclosure comes just at the moment when an Opportunist Government has carried a Bill to make magistrates removable through the Chamber under the shadow, so to say, of GAMBETTA's name. Instead of existing to carry out his policy in every detail, they are already shown to have gone against it in one most important particular. If they are the inheritors of GAMBETTA's mantle, they are already using it to cover different wishes and different intentions. They may try their hardest to explain away M. RIBOT's statement, but unluckily M. RIBOT belongs to that type of men whose words carry immediate conviction.

#### THE YOSEMITE.

AMONG the more recent traditions of the Yosemite Valley is the vacation ramble of an English schoolmaster is deservedly enshrined. This modern rambler, disdaining the soft allurements of repose, determined within the limits of a six-weeks' midsummer holiday to feast his eyes on the gem of American scenery. For nineteen days and nights did this learned enthusiast exhaust his wearied frame, and the appliances of locomotion, ere he gained "Inspiration Point," and beheld the famous Valley spread out to his enraptured gaze. For nineteen days and nights did he solace himself with the spectacle as he returned over the rolling prairie and the heaving wave to the routine of chastisement and instruction, after a sojourn in Paradise of just four days. Whether this worthy successor to Dr. Syntax deemed himself sufficiently repaid for his exertions by this short glimpse of the charms of the Valley and the abiding sense of superiority which, as Dr. Johnson maintained, is the chief reward of sight-seeing, history does not relate. Perhaps, however, we may take for granted, without crediting ourselves with any such unusual knowledge of human nature as was attributed to Sam Slick, that the travelled pedagogue, having undergone so much in pursuit of the picturesque, expressed himself more than satisfied with his trip, and did not fail to oblige the youths committed to his charge with a very particular description of the famous Valley.

It is, in truth, difficult to exaggerate the strange beauty of that spot. The highly-coloured descriptions of Transatlantic scenes contained in certain popular books of travel had often caused us to view with disappointment the comparatively prosaic reality. Our expectations then were not unduly raised. We honestly resolved to appraise the charms of the Valley with an unprejudiced eye. We came, if not like Balaam to curse, at all events to criticize, and, like Balaam, in the end we blessed it altogether. It is not that any one rock or any one waterfall, taken by itself, is more striking or beautiful than all other rocks or waterfalls in the world; it is rather the collection within a small compass of many and diverse beauties that has given to this Valley the reputation it enjoys and deserves. There are two or three waterfalls in Norway that vie in grandeur and volume of water with the Yosemite fall in the spring, when the melting snow sends a huge torrent over nearly 3,000 feet of rock to feed the stream below. There are crags in Switzerland and elsewhere that present as terrible a precipice to the view as any to be seen in the Valley, though neither in Switzerland nor anywhere else to our knowledge is to be found a wall of rock at once so high, so precipitous, so smooth, and presenting such an appearance of solidity as that absolutely perpendicular precipice, more than a mile in length, and nearly three-quarters of a mile high, known as "El Capitan."

The fir-trees, too, are magnificent both in size and foliage. The trees of several species commonly attain a height of 200 feet, and sometimes run up to 250 feet. They are almost perfect in form, being, unlike the firs in Switzerland, very little damaged by the winter's snow. The cones of the sugar pine, fifteen inches long, hang gracefully from the extreme end of the branches, and contain an edible seed about the size of the kernel of a hazel-nut. These seeds the few Indians who still remain in the Valley are employed to collect, much to the disgust of the squirrels, whose favourite food is thus ruthlessly appropriated. The acorn, too, is produced in abundance, and its possession is hotly contested between Indians, squirrels, blue-jays, and woodpeckers—a contest in which "the poor Indian" usually gets the best of it. The first combatant to put in an appearance is the woodpecker, to whose lot falls the greatest share of the hard work. Having selected a rotten fir-tree, he honeycombs its bark with holes convenient for the reception of the acorns, with which he proceeds to stuff those holes. This he does with a view, so it is said, not of devouring the acorns, but of attracting certain maggots to whom those acorns are a delicacy, which maggots are in their turn much esteemed by the woodpecker. The blue-jay, however, covets the acorns, and, in the woodpecker's absence, proceeds to pick them out and eat them, a work in which he is assisted by the squirrels. Then comes the Indian and burns down the tree, picks out the remaining acorns, pounds them to a pulp, drenches that pulp, having placed it on the sand, with a copious flow of water to take out the astringent taste, and defends his store from the squirrels by putting it in a rough kind of basket raised from the ground on sticks, and covered by branches of fir with the sharp ends of the leaves downwards. It is hard to credit the Indian with this ingenious device, for his intellect is on most subjects about on a par with his industry, which is with him an almost non-existent virtue. He will indeed sometimes work on the roads with great perseverance for two or even three days together; but he cannot be relied upon for hard work, or indeed for any work at all. It is only fair to mention that the Indians near the Yosemite belong to one of the most debased tribes.

Tourists have in California but little reason to dread the coyness of nature which in some other parts of the world interferes materially with their enjoyment. There is scarcely ever any rain or mist to obscure the view or damp the ardour of the traveller, who can rely not only upon fine weather, but, during the greater part of the season, even upon the direction and strength of the wind. If he wishes to see the huge rocks reflected in the "mirror lake," he knows that before 9 A.M. its surface will be absolutely unruffled by the slightest breath of air. Later on in the day the fierce heat of the sun will be tempered by a soft wind down the Valley, and towards the evening a breeze will spring up in the opposite direction.

With these advantages of climate and scenery, time in the Yosemite passes pleasantly enough to the lover of what is picturesque and grand in nature. It cannot, however, be alleged with truth that the inhabitants of this favoured spot have applied themselves with any great ardour or success to the task of ministering to the comforts of the stranger. Considering the large and continuous supply of travellers throughout the season, the accommodation provided is meagre in the extreme, and very dear. This state of things is due, not to any want of enterprise on the part of the American citizen, but to the action of the Government of the United States, which has annexed the Valley in perpetuity as a public recreation ground, and refuses to recognize the innkeepers and other caterers for the public otherwise than as tenants on sufferance. By virtue of this arrangement it devolves upon the public to recompense their caterers in hard cash for the insecurity of tenure of which those caterers complain. Enormous profits and quick returns to the innkeepers attest the practical result of Government interference on behalf of the tourist. Everything is arranged with a view to the smallest possible initial outlay consistent with affording just so much food and shelter as shall suffice to entrap the prey. Many of us are painfully aware of the extreme practical sagacity of our American cousins in turning to pecuniary account the beauties of Niagara. That sagacity is no less conspicuously displayed in the Yosemite. If the owner of the one livery stable in the Valley had to buy hay and oats with their weight in silver, his profits would still excite the envy of his English brethren. Driving, it may be said, is a luxury. Well, suppose the pedestrian whose strength has not succumbed after the journey from San Francisco should be minded to trust to his own legs, such a one will probably direct his course upward, by an attractive path leading to a well-known point of view. If he thinks thus to protect his pocket he is much mistaken. For, by an extension of the system of toll-taking unknown, we believe, in any other part of the world, he is mulcted in the monstrous sum of a dollar for walking along a path constructed on land dedicated by statute law to the public—a path which bears on no part of it any outward or visible sign whatever of its being other than a public footway. Among irascible travellers this unexpected demand for black-mail sometimes occasions an amount of soreness which seriously detracts from the enjoyment of the scenery. It is indeed related of a canny Scot that, on being thus mulcted half an hour after entering the Valley, he cleared out of it early next morning, and expressed himself at dinner in such contemptuous terms of the natural beauties of the place as made it clear that his judgment had been completely upset by the untoward occurrence.

If that Scotchman was as much disappointed with the view as he expressed himself to be, he had indeed great reason for annoyance, as the journey from San Francisco is very tiring, and fabulously expensive. It is, however, in some parts extremely interesting. The first half-hour or so is pleasantly spent on board a gigantic ferry-boat, built high out of water like the steamers that ply on the Hudson River. Part of the lower and principal deck is reserved for ladies; "gents" are therefore requested not to spit upon that select portion of the vessel. Considering the limitless expanse of ocean on which the expectorating skill of the Californian may be practised, considering also the large expanse of deck which is still devoted to that pastime, it is not, we venture to think, unreasonable to ask that "gents" who insist on obtruding their company on the fair sex should only do so on the terms indicated. The notice is, however, little regarded. Habit, we suppose, is too strong. Leaving the ferry, seven or eight hours in the train over dusty and dreary plains brings the traveller to Madera—his halting-place for the night. He may either leave San Francisco in the afternoon and arrive at Madera during the small hours of the morning, in which case he passes the night in sleeping-car dropped at the station, or starting in the morning he may arrive about sunset. In the latter case he will pass the night at the inn close by, whence starts the coach in which he will spend the whole of the following day with brief intervals for meals. If not yet accustomed to the sturdy independence of the American character, he will be surprised on alighting from the train to find that no steps at all are being taken for the removal of his luggage from the conspicuous position it occupies by the side of the line. Its fate, he will discover, is a subject of no interest whatever to any one but the owner. He is fortunate if he finds a lad with nothing "pernickler" to do who will lend a helping hand. On entering the inn he will receive a practical lesson in the results of monopoly. No obsequious waiter or pretty chambermaid comes forward to learn and minister to his wishes; there is no "manager" to appeal to like that important personage at the hotel at San Francisco, who is instantly recognized from his photograph hung up at the railway stations next to that of the President; so our traveller be-takes himself to the bar, where alone there is any sign of life. Here indeed is the proprietor; but it is as difficult to attract his attention as it is in another place to catch the Speaker's eye. However, should a convenient lull occur in the demand for liquor, the request for bed and board will receive attention, the stranger will be informed of the dinner-hour, and let into possession of a small bedroom tenanted during the hot season by mosquitoes of good appetite, against whose voracity no unfair precaution has been taken in the way of providing curtains. The insects and their prey are left to fight it out between them on equal terms. The coach starts at seven next morning—a lumbering vehicle, drawn by four, six, or eight horses, according to the number of the passengers and the state of the road. It is to be regretted that the Father of his Country did not, like Napoleon, or General Wade of road-making fame, use his great influence in educating his countrymen to appreciate the advantages of a good road. That from Madera to the Yosemite would in any civilized country except America be called a bad road when at its best, which is at the beginning of the tourist season. The repairs then made are calculated to a nicety so as to last throughout the season, leaving the road at the end of it in a condition just short of dangerous. Consequently the coaches are necessarily built with a view rather to strength and solidity than to the comfort of the passengers. The wear and tear, the bumping and the jolting, inflicted on man and beast and carriage by an average American road, beggars description. On the coaches that ran between Madera and the Yosemite the tourist should pray for plenty of fellow-passengers—for his best chance to escape a bruising is to be securely wedged in with a dozen other victims, the fatter the better. But if the roads are capable of improvement, it must be acknowledged that the driving is admirable. The pace and the accuracy with which a team of eight horses is driven round the sharpest curves is truly wonderful—an experience, on the whole, perhaps more exciting than agreeable. The excitement culminates when, as often happens, the coaches to and from the Valley do not meet at the appointed spot. In such cases the coach that arrives first pursues, after a brief pause, its onward course, and is liable at any turn of the road to encounter the other coach. Now as the curves are remarkably sharp, and the road is in many places too narrow for the two coaches to pass, a difficulty sometimes arises which is only surmounted with much trouble, and occasionally at considerable risk to one of the coaches. Indeed, when the two teams happen to meet, as some day in all probability they will, at the apex of a sharp curve on a steep hill, there will be trouble with both coaches, and the population of the United States will undergo a sudden reduction.

#### PONTIFICAL LETTERS OF LEO XIII. ON IRELAND.

WHEN the last Papal Circular on Ireland was noticed in our columns a month ago, we took occasion to observe that there could be no doubt about its representing the genuine and decided sentiments of the reigning Pontiff, and indeed substantially of his predecessors also. Whatever mystery might be supposed to attach to the mission of Mr. Errington—and the matter is really simple enough when stripped of the clouds of verbiage in which

speakers on both sides of the House have chosen to involve it—neither his influence nor that said to have been exercised at Rome in the same direction, on behalf of his co-religionists, by the late Sir George Bowyer, was needed to convince the Pope that his duty and his interest alike demanded his casting the entire weight of his high authority into the scale of order and not into that of rebellion and murder. We have already pointed out that, in spite of his little sympathy for Protestant Governments as such, this had been all along the aim of the Irish policy of Pius IX., which was effectively seconded, after his own peculiar fashion, by Cardinal Cullen, and this view is abundantly confirmed by the *Retrospect* just printed at the Propaganda Press at Rome of *Illegal and Seditious Movements in Ireland Contrasted with the Principles of the Catholic Church as shown in the Writings of Cardinal Cullen*. Leo XIII. however has brought, if not a more determined, a more statesmanlike and intelligent resolution to bear on the gravity of the crisis, and has known how to speak out with a simplicity and directness as refreshing as it is unusual in documents emanating from the Vatican. The *Retrospect*, issued presumably by his orders, is a timely publication, but a far higher importance necessarily belongs to the summary of his own Pontifical Acts, since published by his express command, under the title, *De Rebus Hibernicis nuperrima Apostolica Sedit Acta*, and ranging over the last three years and a half. It demonstrates at once the perfect consistency and the unfaltering decision of the line taken from the first by the present occupant of the Chair of Peter in his dealings with Irish disaffection, and leaves very little room for the ingenuous "minimizing" which even such respectable critics as our contemporary the *Tablet* have thought it discreet to apply to the latest Papal Circular. It is only due to his Holiness to say that both in act and word he has all along pursued a uniform and straightforward policy which finds an emphatic, but natural and obvious, summing up in the missive of May 11. Those Irish writers and speakers who illustrated the native fervour of their Hibernian Catholicism by declaring that "the pastoral simplicity" of his Holiness had been grossly deceived by "the specious mendacity" of the enemies of their country, and appealed in language more forcible than deferential from Philip drunk to Philip sober—pending which appeal they recognized Mr. Parnell as "the head of their political Church"—must at least be content to admit now that Philip is suffering from no mere passing paroxysm of intoxication. If "the poison of lying assertions" has drugged his pastoral simplicity, he has been under the influence of the same fatal narcotic ever since his accession to the Papal throne, and they may as well say at once, as indeed Mr. Mayne did say pretty plainly at a meeting of the League, that on political—he might have added on moral—questions they don't care twopence what so wrongheaded a Pontiff may choose to tell them.

Five separate documents are comprised in the collection just published by order of his Holiness. The earliest of them is a circular addressed as far back as January 1, 1880, to the Archbishop of Armagh, as Primate of All Ireland, and the other Irish Archbishops and Bishops. It begins by referring to serious differences which had arisen in some parts of the country, and had even led a majority of the faithful to abandon their pastors altogether, and "prefer the counsels of wrong-minded persons to the salutary guidance of their clergy and bishops." The bishops are therefore exhorted to take counsel together on this subject, in accordance with the decision of the Synod of Maynooth in 1875, and in cases of differences of opinion among themselves to refer the whole matter to the Apostolic See. This advice, sensible as far as it goes, evidently did not prove adequate to the occasion. In the following November the too famous Archbishop of Cashel and some half-dozen other Irish prelates were in Rome, and laid their views on Ireland before the Pope, while Lord O'Hagan, Mr. Errington, and some other Roman Catholic laymen urged upon him their very opposite estimate of the situation; in consequence of which the quasi official or officious *Aurora* was made to publish an explicit disavowal of the inspiration of the offensive Parnellite articles—written by an Italian priest fresh from the United States—which had appeared there. Dr. MacCabe, already Archbishop of Dublin, but not yet a Cardinal, came to Rome shortly afterwards. The second document in the collection is a letter addressed to him by the Pope himself on January 3, 1881—just a twelvemonth after the despatch of the former circular—which shows clearly enough which party among the bishops had secured the sanction of Rome. This letter opens with a warm commendation of the pastoral recently addressed by the Archbishop to the clergy and faithful of his diocese—published at the time in the newspapers—and goes on to express the deep anxiety felt by his Holiness at the present condition of Ireland and his fear lest in seeking the alleviation of their sufferings, which in itself was of course legitimate, the people should tarnish what are somewhat euphemistically termed "their hereditary virtues" by failing in due submission to their lawful rulers. Then follows a paragraph, not wholly devoid of the grandiose verbosity proper to Papal missives even under such a pontificate as the present one, but which, if due regard be paid to the passages we have italicized, will be seen to speak on the main point with no uncertain sound, and cannot well have escaped the apprehension of the personages to whom it was immediately addressed:—

For this reason, whenever serious agitation has arisen in Ireland for the defence and protection of national interests, the Roman Pontiffs have always endeavoured by counsel and admonition to tranquillize excited feelings, lest moderation should be lost sight of and justice violated, and

some course of action, however right in itself, should change by the influence of passion into seditions violence. Our counsels were accordingly directed to induce Irish Catholics to take in all things the Church as their teacher and guide, and, conforming entirely to her precepts, to reject the allurements of *iniquitous doctrines*. . . .

We ourselves, following the example of our predecessor, on the 1st of last June took the opportunity, as you are aware, of issuing plain instructions to all the Irish bishops, enjoining upon the Irish people to give the utmost heed to their bishops, and not to fail in the religious observance of their duty. Shortly after, in the month of November, we assured some Irish bishops, who came to Rome to visit the tombs of the Apostles, of our earnest anxiety for the welfare of Ireland, but we added that *it was not lawful to disturb order on account of it*. This moderation best harmonizes with the doctrines and precepts of the Catholic Church, and will, we cannot doubt, serve best the interests of Ireland. For we have confidence in the justice of those who rule the country, and whose great experience is generally tempered with judgment. Ireland will far more safely and easily obtain what she wants if she will adopt only the means sanctioned by law, and avoid causes of offence.

Two months after the despatch of this letter the Pope gave a public and solemn testimony to his approval of the loyal and law-abiding policy of Archbishop MacCabe by raising him to the sacred purple. On coming to Rome to receive his Hat the new Cardinal again conferred at length with his Holiness on the state of Ireland, and on his return summoned a meeting of all the bishops. Meanwhile the dark record of Irish rebellion and lawlessness entered on a fresh stage by the perpetration of a new and yet more hideous crime. On May 6 Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were assassinated in Phoenix Park. It was probably this shocking event which gave immediate occasion to the second letter of the Pope to Cardinal MacCabe, dated August 1, 1882.

In this document his Holiness not unnaturally observes that the condition of Ireland causes him more anxiety than comfort, and complains that "men have stained themselves with atrocious murders, as though it were possible to find hope for national happiness in public disgrace and crime." He then declares that the Irish are only justified in contending for their rights by lawful means, not by violence or the aid of secret societies, "which under the pretext of vindicating a right generally end in violent disturbance of the public peace." And he adds, with a fine stroke of irony which Dr. Croke and his episcopal allies must have winced under:—

Since the Irish are proud, and deservedly, to be called Catholics, which means, as St. Augustine explains, *guardians of integrity, and followers of what is right*, let them bear out to the full their name; and even when they are asserting their rights, let them strive to be what they are called. Let them remember that the first of liberties is to be free from crime, and let them so conduct themselves through life that none of them may suffer the penalties of the law as a murderer, or a thief, a rafter, or a covey of other men's things.

The clergy, and especially the younger clergy, are to be admonished to hold aloof from political controversy and to be watchful and laborious in helping to promote the preservation of order, nor is there any reason to doubt that Ireland will, without any violent method, attain the prosperity she desires. There is no ground for distrusting the honesty and good will of the English Government:—

For, as we signified to you on another occasion, we are confident that the statesmen who preside over the administration of public affairs will give satisfaction to the Irish when they demand what is just. Not only does reason warrant this belief, but also the well-known political prudence of those statesmen, since it cannot be doubted that the well-being of Ireland is connected with the tranquillity of the whole Empire.

On January 1 of the present year the Pope addressed a third letter to Cardinal MacCabe and the other bishops, commanding their zeal in calming disturbance, but at the same time insisting that it must in no degree be relaxed. The adherents of evil societies do not cease from deeds of crime but continue to excite popular passions, and by the adoption of remedies worse than the disease are leading their countrymen not to safety but destruction. At such a time it is the imperative duty of the clergy to employ their best efforts to aid the bishops "in calming the passions of their countrymen and checking further disturbance." And with a view to the proper exercise of this salutary influence of the sacred ministry great caution must be observed as to the attendance of priests at public meetings, above all in cases where angry discussions and dissensions are likely to arise. The younger clergy should keep away from such assemblies altogether, and those ecclesiastics only be permitted to attend whose mature age and experience justifies the confidence of their bishops in their wisdom and discretion for "guiding an excited assembly to what is right and honest, resisting the fallacies of the evil-disposed, guarding the cause of justice, and defending the most judicious courses." This third and last of the Pope's letters to Cardinal MacCabe was followed up four months later by the still more explicit Circular of May 11, to which we have already called the attention of our readers, when his Holiness had—if we may be permitted to apply the phrase to so exalted a personage—the manliness and good sense to break through the conventional etiquette of elaborate allusions and generalities usually adopted in such documents, and directly and by name to condemn the Parnell Testimonial Fund. But still that circular, as we have already more than once insisted, marks no new departure; it simply reasserts in more precise and direct terms and applies to a particular and critical case the continuous teaching of a series of documents extending over three years and a half, which must be taken to express the steady and undividing mind and policy of the Vatican in regard to Irish affairs during at all events the whole of the present pontificate. It has indeed been pointed out, truly enough, that several passages in this latest

pontifical manifesto are simply repetitions, and sometimes even verbal reproductions, of the language of previous documents emanating from the same source.

It is hardly necessary however to point out that the formal issue of this Pontifical Blue-Book, so to call it, by express command of his Holiness clenches and confirms the separate and collective weight of its several contents, besides being a direct appeal to the verdict of public opinion on the subject. It shows that the Pope has, in colloquial phrase, put his foot down and does not mean to budge. Henceforth those Irish Catholics who persist in following the lead of Mr. Parnell will be deprived—we do not say of all pretext—but of all possibility of imagining that their principles and course of action are not expressly condemned by the superior authority of their Church. They may still, if they please, consider the judicious "removal" of landlords, Government officials, and other natural enemies of their oppressed and persecuted country a meritorious act, deserving the glory of heroism in this world and the aureole of martyrdom in the next; but they can no longer affect to doubt that their Church brands it with the ugly name of murder. They had assumed that political controversies might be satisfactorily concluded, not indeed exactly by the ingenious method once suggested as a theological eirenicon, of "transferring the negative from the Commandments to the Creed"—for the Creed they desired to retain—but still by expunging it from the Commandments. They are now warned by their chief spiritual pastor that this new and somewhat daring application of the Lutheran principle of faith without works is inadmissible even in Ireland, and that adherence to the Creed must be supplemented by observance of the Decalogue. No doubt the lesson is an unwelcome one; in fact it has been publicly characterized by a Catholic M.P. "speaking as a Catholic," as "an insult to the priests and people of Ireland." But it is perhaps worth their consideration, both as regards their temporal and what our Evangelical friends would call their "eternal prospects," whether it might not be discreet to act upon it. A Pope, even when making what, as the *Freeman's Journal* has been careful to explain, is "not an *ex cathedra* pronouncement," may happen to speak the truth, though in this instance his professed followers are apparently the least willing to admit it.

#### CALICO IN THE CAUCASUS.

IF the latest reports are true, the first results of the Czar's coronation are by no means encouraging. The Imperial Manifesto, with its meagre list of political concessions, caused great disappointment even in loyal Moscow. The ukase by which, we are now told, the old controversies about the Caucasian transit trade are to be settled will in all probability give rise to quite as much ill feeling in other parts of the country. It will of course gratify a small group of manufacturers in the central provinces, whose interests have been studied at the expense of the general community. But it must displease the officials of the Imperial Treasury and half of the Imperial Cabinet, who have firmly opposed the policy which the edict sanctions. What is still more serious, it will positively disgust the people of Tiflis, Kars, and of the whole Transcaucasian region, whose business and railway system must be badly affected by it; and, in view of the extension of Russian influence over Armenia, one would have supposed these were the very people whom a wise Czar would have sought to soothe and conciliate on the morrow of his coronation. The *Moscow Gazette*, for which the ukase represents a sort of personal triumph over the sober statesmanship of the Empire, says that the controversy is to be settled in the interests of Russian traders. This means that such transit dues are to be imposed on English goods intended for the markets, south of the mountains bordering the Caspian, as will give Russian merchants a monopoly of the safest, cheapest, and quickest route from the Black Sea thither. English merchants and English goods are thus to be driven off the shortest and best route. We are blandly informed that they may, if they please, use the old highway to Persia through Turkish territory *via* Erzeroum, Hassan-Kale, and the Valley of Alishkert. This is treating the long-enduring British manufacturer of high-priced printed calicoes, who has at present in his hands the bulk of the Transcaucasian transit trade, even worse than the little boy who had his apple taken from him and was then told he ought to console himself with the parings. In the present instance it is doubtful whether there are any parings available by way of *solatium*. The alternative route offered us is not only rough, but it is dear and unsafe. Moreover, even if it were as good and safe as the average rough English cross-road, the Erzeroum route surely could not compensate the English trader for the loss of that of which the Czar's ukase robs him—free use of the through railway route from the Black Sea to the Caspian, now opened up by the extension of the line from Tiflis to Baku. The truth is, a glance at the map shows that all our goods destined for Persia can be conveyed from the Black Sea by one of two natural routes. They may go—and twenty years ago they always went—overland from Trebizond, *via* Erzeroum, or they may be sent across the Caucasus through Russian territory over the Poti-Tiflis railway. The first route is the shortest in point of space. But the latter, being a railway route, is quickest in point of time, and since it was opened twenty years ago it has been the favourite road for the foreign, which for practical purposes may be called the English, trade with Persia, the south littoral of the

Caspian, and Central Asia. And there must be a great deal to recommend it, for it cannot be called an ideal route, because those who use it have to put up with many annoyances. Whenever goods for Persia are sent by it the English merchant has to pay duty on their entering Russian territory, just as if they were to be sold in Russia; and this duty is not returned to him till he has proved that they have passed through intact and without the least alteration in weight or bulk. Of course goods may be lost or stolen, or they may lose weight naturally in transit. The figures relating to quantity and value scheduled at the two ends of the road may, owing to official blundering, not tally; and in either of these cases the Russian Government keeps the prepaid duty, to the great loss of our merchants, who, indeed, would always suffer in this way did they not bribe the Custom-house officers to be honest or dishonest as occasion may demand. These are serious drawbacks to the use of this road; and that it is the favourite one, in spite of them, proves that the other route to which we are now to be driven must be nearly worthless to us for practical purposes. The eagerness of the English trader to use the Russian road in defiance of these drawbacks is a good gauge of the hardship he will suffer if no other route than that through the adjoining Turkish province is open to him. His objections to this latter route we have already hinted at. It is neglected and out of repair. It is only fit for horse or mule carriage at the best, and it is infested by brigands, who are not so easily satisfied as the official thieves of the Russian Custom House. Lastly, it not only takes longer to send goods by the Turkish than by the Russian road, but it costs more. As nearly as can be estimated, the expense of sending merchandise by the Poti-Tiflis railway is only 6*l.* a ton, whereas to send it *via* Erzeroum costs 16*l.* a ton. Here, then, we have the grievances of the British trader and manufacturer focussed. If, in accordance with the Czar's ukase, a prohibitory duty is to be imposed on British goods destined for Persia and Central Asia in their passage over the Caucasian isthmus, it will mean that, while the Russian merchant can send his bales quickly into Persia for 6*l.* a ton, the British merchant will have to send his by a slow rough unsafe route, the cost of transport by which will come to 16*l.* a ton. At present the value of this Transcaucasian transit trade to us—mainly in expensive printed calicoes, in the making of which a vast amount of highly paid labour is employed in England—is about 900,000*l.* a year. It is avowedly with a view to rob us of this trade that the Czar has been induced to issue his ukase in the interests of a few manufacturers near Moscow, who find we are beating them in the markets of North Persia and Central Asia.

The curious thing is that this little group of agitators, with the *Moscow Gazette* at their head, have not only succeeded in doing what Prince Gortchakoff failed to achieve during twenty years' persistent striving, but have triumphed over the ablest half of the Czar's own Cabinet, and that, too, in spite—not merely of the opposition of the patriotic Liberals, represented by the recently suppressed *Golos*—but of the protests of the people of the Transcaucasus as well. This is what is meant by the mysterious hint of the *Moscow Gazette* that the victory has not been won without a struggle with powerful opponents deep in the councils of the Czar, opponents whom nothing but the Imperial omnipotence, which we are reminded is fortunately independent of "Ministerial majorities," could overcome. That such violent methods of giving effect to a policy which sacrifices Imperial to sectional interests should be adopted at the present time is not in itself a happy omen for a new reign; indeed it suggests that the universal satisfaction which the well-drilled corps of "Special Correspondents" assure us has been evoked by the coronation of Alexander III., is an affair of the surface merely. And this becomes more than mere suggestion when we examine the facts, not from the standpoint of Moscow tradesmen, but from that of high Imperial policy. It was out of no special friendliness that the Russian Government, during the last twenty years—in fact, ever since the opening of the Poti-Tiflis railway—adopted a liberal policy in letting us use that line for our transit trade with Persia. By doing so they attracted a great deal of English capital to those parts. They identified our interests with their rule in the Caucasian isthmus, and rendered us rather apathetic as to what the incorrigible Turk did with the adjoining province, the road through which had little value for us. When intelligent statesmen in Russia advocate the continuance of the free transit trade, now that the extension of the line from Tiflis to Baku opens up through traffic from the Black Sea to the Caspian, they are seeking to justify to the world Russia's pretensions to be something more than a mere greedy land-thief. They are trying to associate the extension of her dominion with the opening up of new markets for the world's commerce. They have also a shrewd idea that by following this policy they are popularizing Russian rule in such centres as Kars, Tiflis, Poti, Baku—in fact all over the Caucasus and the Caspian littoral, where the prosperity of the people is increased by the briskness of the transit trade. They also know that the Russian Exchequer is not now in a position to lose any advantage that fortune sends in its way, and that the Russian Minister of Finance—one of the strongest opponents of the ukase—is deeply interested in the continuance of the free transit trade, because the Government, besides making heavy advances for the construction of the Caucasian railway system, have also guaranteed a dividend of 5 per cent. to the shareholders. Nor can we wonder if they cannot place above such considerations as these the circumstance that a few manufacturers near Moscow will gain a

monopoly of the Persian trade. What is most serious in the present state of repressed discontent in the Empire is that the Imperial edict represents the triumph of a party whose policy in commerce, as in other things, is to sacrifice all Russia for the sake of loyal and holy Moscow. It is the turn of the Transcaucasus to-day. Whose turn will it be to-morrow? In the meanwhile it is certain that a heavy blow has been dealt at our commercial interests by the ukase practically closing the Transcaucasian road to Persia against us—a blow which must be heavy indeed, seeing that, according to our diplomatic agents at St. Petersburg, our one hope of mitigating its severity lies in persuading the Turkish Government "to make a railway to the Persian frontier, or at least to make and maintain a carriageable road to it, and give all possible facilities to the traffic." Truly the Czar has given us a new motive for improving the Turkish Government in Armenia; but neither the Turk nor the British manufacturer need be called upon to be grateful to him for that.

#### THE PARIS THEATRES.

THE Opéra Comique has always succeeded in taking a high place among the operatic stages of Europe in spite of an orchestra which it is charitable to describe as second-rate. The reason is not far to seek; there is an admirable *ensemble* on the stage, and the members of the company rarely venture on attempting anything beyond their means. M. Léo Delibes's opera of *Lakmé* is pretty, and, in some passages, suggestive of better things, but it is decidedly monotonous. Many of our readers must be already familiar with the story of *Lakmé*, but we may glance at it in passing. The scene is laid in British India, and the action turns upon the falling in love of a British officer with the Indian priestess, Lakmé. Her father, the Brahmin, finding that his sanctuary has been defiled by the entrance of a European, vows vengeance, and succeeds in stabbing the offender, who is not however mortally wounded. Lakmé bears him to a hidden cabin in a forest, and cures him of his wound by her care. But in the meantime the natives have revolted against English rule, and her lover's regiment is ordered to the front. At the moment when Lakmé presents a charmed cup to Gerald, which is to bind them together for life, the band of his regiment is heard in the distance, and a brother officer appears who makes a grandiloquent speech about England's flag and a soldier's duty. All Gerald's friends appear as if by enchantment. Lakmé's father suddenly turns up to make matters worse. Lakmé, in despair at seeing that Gerald's heart is with his regiment, has seized and eaten a datura leaf, which takes fatal effect, and so the opera comes to an end. Nothing comes of the fact that Gerald is engaged to a certain "Miss Ellen," of whom we see very little. The opera is magnificently mounted, and leaves nothing to be desired in scenic effect. The distribution of colour of the groups on the stage is charming, but it is with the performers themselves that we have here to deal. It is difficult to speak too highly of Mlle. van Zandt's impersonation of the Indian girl of divine origin, and still more difficult to give an accurate idea of the peculiar qualities which make this performance totally different from what is usually seen on the operatic stage. More difficult music has often been sung with as admirable a method, and we need not go far to find first-rate singing and good acting as closely allied; but there is a spontaneous quality about Mlle. van Zandt's creation of Lakmé which stands alone in its excellence. In the first scene we see her worshipping the goddess whose temple she serves with a quiet fervour which is rarely to be met with on the stage. Her first emotion on seeing Gerald is one of alarm and outraged dignity; the way in which the transition from this sentiment to the wholly new feeling of human love is effected is beyond all praise. The uncertainty with which she first repeats Gerald's words of love, and which gradually gives place to an accent of triumphant joy, is a real stroke of genius. This duet, beginning with the words "C'est le dieu de la jeunesse," is the best number of the whole opera, and we congratulate M. Delibes on the felicity of his inspiration; it is certainly an achievement of no mean order to have struck out a new line in the conventional love duet of the operatic stage. In the second act, where Lakmé appears disguised as a street-singer with her father, who has assumed a beggar's dress the better to detect the author of the outrage that has been committed, Mlle. van Zandt is seen at her best in the suggestion of suppressed emotion.

In the last act she is exquisitely natural and truly pathetic—her art is so perfect that one forgets to think of it while she is on the stage. M. Talazac's Gerald is a careful and satisfactory performance, more remarkable, as it seems to us, as acting than as singing; he seems at moments to be wholly given over to the display of the detestable tricks that characterize the average French tenor. This is the more to be regretted, as he has a fine voice, and at times a true dramatic instinct. His acting is excellent throughout in a part which could not be entrusted to the "premier venu." Of the minor rôles there is not much to be said. M. Cotalet is effective in the part of Nilakantha, the Brahmin, and Mlle. Pierron plays the part of Mistress Bentzon to perfection, according to French notions of an English governess. This delightful creation of the French stage is sometimes addressed as "la respectable," and anon as "la vénérable" Mistress Bentzon; of course she wears spectacles, and is horribly nervous, being, as she says, "payée

pour avoir peur." It is rather surprising to find that the "officiers Anglais" who are mentioned in the livret are all privates, with the exception of a wonderful sergeant, of gigantic stature, who wears a false nose, and is a very successful caricature of the hideous undress uniform of our heavy cavalry. A bad mistake has been made in the ballet in sacrificing what would otherwise have been an effective dance of Nautch girls to the exigencies of the ever terrible *première danseuse*. It is, by the way, pleasing to find an elaborate explanation of the Nautch girls in a French temporary to this effect:—"Nautch girl signifie fille de rien"—accompanied by a history of the corruption of the word "naught" to "nautch."

The management of the Théâtre de la Gaîté has revived the ever delightful *Henri III. et sa Cour*, one of the best among Alexandre Dumas's excellently good works. Badly acted, and not particularly well mounted, this work by its extraordinary merit holds the attention of the house, and keeps one in a state of interest and excitement from beginning to end. It is certainly unfortunate that such a part as that of the Duke de Guise should have met with M. Dumaine for its interpreter. It will be remembered that the first act of *Henri III.* takes place in Ruggieri's apartment, and begins with the intrigue by which Catherine de Medicis brings about the fatal meeting between the Duchess de Guise and her lover St. Mégrin. Immediately after this meeting has taken place the Duke de Guise enters to consult Ruggieri concerning the replacement of the false pedigree which has been lost, and which makes him appear the descendant of Charlemagne, prior to his interview with the members of the celebrated "Ligue de la Sainte Union." Left alone at the end of the act, he finds a handkerchief which has been forgotten in Ruggieri's room by the Duchess, and having heard St. Mégrin's voice before he entered the apartment, he forms his plan of vengeance. Here is an opportunity for the display of dramatic art thrown away in the most miserable manner. M. Dumaine struts and scowls, and on the supposed discovery of his wife's infidelity staggers and reels like a *cabotin* at the fair of St. Cloud. Mme. Moina-Clément, who fills the part of Catherine, moves and speaks like a cook who is making secret arrangements with a butcher for the unlawful disposal of legs of mutton. In the second act we find the rôle of Joyeuse filled by a player who can only be described as the worst actor we have ever seen. He is so exquisitely perverse, so elaborately false, and so morbidly painstaking at the same time, that his performance becomes positively fascinating, and we are kept in a state of wondering suspense to know what he is going to do next. M. Romain's rendering of St. Mégrin is in some ways praiseworthy; but it is somewhat unfortunate that he should have a strong accent of the *faubourgs*, and that his attempts at the expression of passionate energy should remind one of Boswell's German nobleman at Geneva. Happily the part of *Henri III.* is filled in a very satisfactory manner by M. Duflos, who is, it seems to us, near being a thoroughly good actor. He is dignified and distinguished, and has thoroughly understood his author. He is, however, wanting in strength, and his voice is at times distressingly monotonous. Of Mlle. Dica-Petit's Duchess de Guise we can only say that it is an astonishing exhibition of feebleness. It may be well to turn to the play which, in spite of such wretched interpretation, holds the attention of the audience. It is so long since *Henri III.* has been acted that we may safely venture upon giving some account of the piece. We have already mentioned that the first act takes place in the apartment of one of the brothers Ruggieri, of whom Balzac has given such a wonderful analysis in the volume of the *Etudes Philosophiques* entitled *Sur Catherine de Médicis*. It is, by the way, little to the credit of the management of the Gaîté that they should have thrown away such a rare occasion for scenic effect. The contrivance of the mirror in which St. Mégrin sees the Duchess de Guise is extremely childish, and all the stage arrangements are mean and awkward. The second act shows us a room in the Louvre. Here the great mistake has been made of introducing a throne, in opposition to Dumas's stage directions. It is in this act that the Duke de Guise comes armed into the presence of the King, and makes his petition in favour of the "Sainte Ligue," with the obvious intention of being himself proclaimed the head of it. The King, with that strange mixture of daring and hesitation, of kingly power and abject weakness, which seems to have been the common characteristic of Catherine's sons, avoids giving an answer. Then comes the incident of the blow-tube and the pellet directed by St. Mégrin against the Duke's cuirass, followed by the furious resentment of De Guise and the King's raising St. Mégrin's rank in order that a duel may become possible. St. Mégrin challenges the Duke, and the King promises to be present at the combat, which is fixed for the next day. In the subsequent scene with his mother, all the feebleness of the King's character is displayed when Catherine opens his eyes to the real nature of the League, one of the best contrived conspiracies of which French history can boast. In the third act occurs the scene which produced such a sensation when the play was brought out at the Français, on which occasion the Duke d'Aumale, and all those who had been invited to a great dinner at his house that night, were present, while Dumas himself rushed back from the theatre to his mother, who was almost dying. The success, and the daring way in which he brought it about, reads like a passage out of the *Trois Mousquetaires*, with Dumas himself in the place of D'Artagnan. The Duke de Guise dictates the letter to his wife which is to put St. Mégrin in his power. On his wife's refusal to write, he crushes her arm with

the iron glove he wears, and finally ensures the success of his project by threatening the life of her favourite page. After this follows the scene at the Louvre, where Henri III., on his mother's inspiration, after flattering the Duke's hopes, proclaims himself head of the "Sainte Union." The King lends St. Mégrin a talisman to protect him from fire and steel. The last act takes place in the Duchess de Guise's oratory. After some moments of agonizing suspense, she hears St. Mégrin's step, and knows that he is lost. After a vain resistance at the door, he escapes by the window, only to fall into the midst of the Duke's men. The Duke in the meantime enters, and drags his wife to the window that she may see her lover killed. Covered with wounds, he still lives, owing, as it is suggested, to the talisman. The Duke throws down the handkerchief from which his suspicions had arisen, with the exclamation:—"Serre-lui la gorge avec ce mouchoir; la mort lui sera plus douce; il est aux armes de la Duchesse de Guise." We have been thus hurried on from one scene to another till the climax is reached in the Duke's final exclamation, "Maintenant que nous avons fini avec le valet, occupons-nous du maître." The dialogue is brilliant, and a wonderful knowledge of the stage is shown throughout the play. It is greatly to be hoped that we may see *Henri III.* adequately mounted and well acted at some future time.

#### GRANDMOTHERLY LEGISLATION.

**W**EDENESDAY afternoons in the House of Commons are, by the practice of the present Parliament, as nearly as possible reserved for the discussion of private Bills intended to preserve the British workman from the consequences of his own illimitable folly. A little while ago the House was occupied in tying him up to sobriety on Sunday, and last Wednesday it was asked to make it impossible for him to throw away his chance of being compensated for injuries received at his work. The Bill was introduced, of course, by a Liberal member—it is always Liberal members who set themselves to demonstrate the idiocy of the working-man—and was supported by the usual arguments. Even if Mr. Burt's Bill to amend the Employers' Liability Act were not objectionable on other grounds, it might have been rejected as premature. The Act has scarcely been passed two years, and is to be in force for seven only, with the avowed intention of giving it a trial. There has not yet been time to test it fairly, and it cannot be said that it has given rise to any considerable complaint. But, even if it had failed to satisfy working-men, Mr. Burt's remedy should be the last to be accepted. It is only one more interference with the liberty of contract. The complaint of Mr. Burt is not that the Act is bad, but that workmen are either too stupid to avail themselves of it, or that they prefer to contract themselves out of it. To put this right he proposes to make the use of the Act compulsory. The men would neither have to think for themselves, nor be allowed to provide against accident, by what they may think preferable means, if Mr. Burt's measure became law. The amount of attention it received was probably due to the feeling that anything which professed to be for the benefit of the working classes deserves a respectful hearing. It is, unfortunately, also probable that it was not rejected merely on its demerits. After passing so many Sunday Closing Bills, the House of Commons can scarcely claim the credit of having a very tender regard for the right of every man to take care of himself. If the Bill had only affected the working classes it is likely that it would have been passed, simply because some of them were said to desire it, and on the ground that it was avowedly for their benefit. Happily, the Bill would have affected other than working-men, and so justice was done for once on a piece of grandmotherly legislation.

The arguments of Mr. Burt, which were duly repeated by Mr. Broadhurst, amounted to little more than repeated assertions that the class which they claim to speak for is either too stupid to bestir itself and claim its rights, or wilfully blind to its own interests. Most people who have had occasion to come across working-men have found them shrewd enough, and by no means backward in demanding what they consider their due. Mr. Burt, however, is of another opinion. According to him injured men do not claim compensation when they ought. They allow themselves to be put off by the payment of a few weeks' wages, and do not give notice of their claim. It is hard to see how men are to be saved from the effects of their own carelessness of this kind. The law must suppose that a man will have the sense to exercise his rights. Again, it is said that employers coerce their hands into giving up their rights. The law is strong enough to punish people who defy Acts of Parliament, and the trades-unions are strong and rich and active enough to set it in motion. They must be credited with having some other reason for their existence than the desire to coerce employers into raising wages. There is probably some foundation for a complaint made by Mr. Broadhurst. He asserted that the Insurance Companies formed to indemnify employers under the Act frequently cause great misery by resisting the claims of widows and orphans. It is no doubt the case that rich men and corporations often do inflict new injuries on people who have claims on them by dragging out legal proceedings. But that is an abuse which is by no means confined to the conduct of defendants in actions under the Employers' Liability Act. It should be remedied for the whole community; and, indeed, it would not be

removed by Mr. Burt's measure, unless employers are to be wholly deprived of the power of defending themselves. It would appear to be Mr. Broadhurst's opinion that they should not be allowed to resist at all. By parity of reasoning, Railway Companies would not be allowed to prove that a passenger had been injured by his own fault. But the great argument used by Mr. Burt in support of his Bill is that workmen prefer to contract themselves out of the Employers' Liability Act. They find that the terms offered by the employers are better. This is probably the most curious reason ever given for interfering with an Act of Parliament. Mr. Burt's object is apparently to prevent working-men from doing what they find it their interest to do. It is highly wrong, according to Mr. Burt, that an employer should offer to contribute a large sum towards a provident fund on condition that his hands agree not to avail themselves of the law. To most people it would seem that this is a highly satisfactory arrangement. It avoids the irritation and waste of legal proceedings, encourages the workmen to be thrifty, and it gives them the security of support in case of an accident. Perhaps such popularity as Mr. Burt's Bill has obtained among workmen is mainly due to the fact that the independent Provident Societies suffer from the present system. It is a pity that they should be interfered with; but their prosperity is, after all, less important than the establishment of good relations between masters and men. There are, however, some friends of the working classes who think that anything is better than that.

The Bill was one more result of that extraordinary view of the British workman according to which he is at once wise enough to govern the country and so foolish that he cannot be trusted to spend a shilling by himself. He must be kept in leading-strings according to his friends. Some observers, who say that they know him very well, assert that he is beginning to be tired of this treatment. As Sir J. Pease put it, the working classes feel "perfectly well able to run alone and to take care of themselves." If so, it is to be hoped that they will insist on being their own masters. But, although the wearing of leading-strings is not to the taste of men of any independence of character, there is a certain pleasure in imposing them on other people. In a speech delivered on the day of the debate on Mr. Burt's Bill at Kingston, the Marquess of Salisbury commented on the modern Radical principle that any six men are entitled to impose what restrictions they think right on any five from whom they happen to differ. The right has its charms for the six. There is something very fascinating in the idea that it is a virtuous and statesmanlike thing to form an ideal of your own as to what constitutes sobriety or any other virtue, and then compel everybody else to act up to it. That is the view of politics which the more advanced of the Liberal party are doing their best to make popular with the help of the modern Whigs, whom the Marquess of Salisbury defines as "men who denounce in private the measures which in public they support." It is an ideal in politics which is not new. What, however, is peculiar to the Radical of to-day is the view he takes of the men who he thinks ought to govern. There probably never was seen a party leader yet who firmly believed that his own side were fit to rule, and also that they were helpless, silly, and quite unable to resist temptation. At the very moment that the Radical party is about to try to add enormously to the voting power of the working-man, their political creed may be summed up in the formula that the six have a right to coerce the five, with the qualification that the six are fools who must be coerced for their own benefit.

#### THE PROSPECTS OF TRADE.

**T**HE foreign trade of the country during the first five months of the current year has not been very satisfactory. For the five months ended with May the exports show a decrease in value, compared with the corresponding five months of last year, of nearly  $\frac{1}{4}$  million sterling, or about  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. In January there was an increase in value of about 4 per cent. compared with January of last year; but in each month since there have been decreases, sometimes larger and sometimes smaller, amounting last month to about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; and for the whole five months, as we have said, the falling off was about  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. It will be seen, then, that the decrease in value was greater last month than for the whole five months; and it would seem, therefore, as if the condition of trade had been rather deteriorating than improving. But that is hardly an accurate view to take of the matter; for in March the falling off in value was nearly  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and although in April it was no more than one-half per cent., yet in May it was less than it had been in March or in February. Still it cannot be disputed that there is no sign of improvement in the export trade of the country up to the present time. It is to be borne in mind, however, that a good deal of the decline is attributable to the fall in prices. The prices of several articles are lower now than they were twelve months ago, and therefore, without any diminution in the volume of trade, there is a decrease in the value. At first sight the fact does not afford much encouragement, for it only comes to this—that we have had to tempt our foreign customers by selling to them at lower prices; in other words, we have kept up the amount of business done by taking less for what we sold. It would seem at first sight, therefore, that we are really losing, since we are giving as much goods for less money. But it is to be recollect that, on the other side, that we are also paying less for the goods we buy. The fall in prices indeed has been much greater in

articles of foreign production than in home-grown articles, and therefore, to a very large extent at least, we are no worse off than we were. The fact, however, of this steady drop in prices is significant. It shows that there is a general depression all over the world, and that, while the trade we are doing with our foreign customers generally is as large as it was a year ago, its magnitude is maintained only by lowering prices on all sides. If we have to tempt our customers by lowering prices, so we have to be tempted as customers by the lowering of the prices of what we buy. And, if we look at the imports in another light, we shall find further evidence of the depression in the foreign trade. For the whole five months there is an increase in the value of the imports of about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  millions, or somewhat over 3 per cent.; but for the month of May—that is, the latest month—the increase is not quite 1 per cent. In the imports, then, as well as in the exports, there is a decline last month as compared with the whole five months. And if we examine more closely, we shall see that the decline is precisely in those articles which are most characteristic of the condition of trade generally. Thus, in the raw materials of manufacture there is a decrease in the value of the imports of over two millions sterling, or about 15 per cent.; but in luxuries there is an increase in value of  $11\frac{1}{4}$  per cent.; while in food products not included in luxuries the increase is as much as  $19\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. We have kept up the value of the imports, then, by buying more food from other countries. It is significant of the depressed condition of the foreign trade that we have bought less of the raw materials of manufacture. Evidently manufacturers do not take a very hopeful view of the immediate prospects of trade, since they have imported less of the raw material, and, therefore, manifestly are not inclined to increase their outturn.

Is the condition of the foreign trade a good index of our trade generally? And is the falling-off we have noted likely to continue? The condition of the foreign trade we think fairly represents the condition of trade generally. Whether we look at the railway traffic returns, at the Clearing-House returns, at trade circulars and market reports, or at the state of the money market, we see that there is a general dulness in trade. Everywhere one hears complaints that, although the volume of business is as large as it was a year ago, the profits are very small, in many cases barely returning an interest on the money invested; while in some instances there are complaints that manufacturers are losing money. In some departments of the cotton trade, for example, it is said that manufacturers are serious losers at present. And this state of things is a natural consequence of the long depression of agriculture. When the greatest single industry in the country has been depressed for so many years, it is inevitable that there should be general dulness in trade. Nor is it to be forgotten that the agricultural depression has extended all over Europe. In France, for example, it is very acute, as it is, indeed, all over Western Europe. While so great an industry is depressed it is unable to buy as largely as of old from other industries. These in consequence are suffering; and the result is that the prosperity of each country is reduced. Moreover, it is to be borne in mind that there has been a decided check in the trade revival in America during the past two years. The harvest of 1881 was exceedingly bad. Nor was it only one crop that was affected. Every crop throughout the country was deficient in quantity and inferior in quality. And as the prosperity of the United States depends upon its agricultural production, one very bad season has given a serious check to that prosperity. Moreover, railway construction in the United States had been pushed too far. Too much capital had been sunk in railways many of which are purely speculative—are intended, that is, to open up districts which are as yet unsettled, and which therefore are unable to supply enough traffic to yield interest upon the money invested in the lines. Owing to both these circumstances, there has been a decided check in the prosperity of the United States. Wages have fallen. Large industries, like the iron and steel industries, are in collapse. And the number of failures has been steadily increasing of late. It is true that last year the harvest was good; but prices have been so low in Europe that the farmers have not reaped the full benefit of this good harvest. Besides, a single good harvest is not sufficient to make up for the losses of the year before. In addition to all these causes of depression, the trades interested in the far East are suffering, because exports to India and China were overdone during 1880 and 1881; and consequently there is not a sufficient demand to take off the hands of manufacturers the immense quantities of goods which they have manufactured. Lastly, the Paris panic of last year has given a serious check to speculative business, and has helped to increase the trade depression.

As regards the future, however, the prospects are more favourable. Just now the crops all over Europe promise well. In England, it is true, the winter was so wet that less wheat was sown than usual; but the crop, such as it is, will be good, if the weather continues favourable. The hay crop, no doubt, will suffer from the long drought; but there is no immediate reason to apprehend deficiency of grass on the pasture lands. Altogether, then, the prospects of the farmers look better at present than they have done for some years. And if there should be a really good agricultural year, the effect upon trade must be great. In business, as in war, and indeed in every other department of human activity, *morale* plays an important part. When men are discouraged they work with less energy than when they are in high hope. Moreover, they are less upon the watch for opportunities of extending their business and

making new investments. A good harvest, then, would give the farmers new hope, and would encourage them to spend more liberally than they have been doing of late. But renewed prosperity and expenditure on the part of the agricultural classes generally would soon diffuse activity through all classes of the community. No great industry can become more prosperous without imparting some of its prosperity to all other industries. Should there be a good harvest all over Europe, the same results will occur in other countries; and if every country is more prosperous, each will trade more largely with the others. There is another point to be borne in mind. If the harvests all over Europe are abundant, wheat will be exceedingly cheap, the working classes will have a greater surplus to spend upon other things than mere food, and therefore the manufactures consumed by them will be in greater demand. This year bread is cheap, and it was hoped that the prosperity of the working classes would diffuse itself throughout trade, and that there would be a decided general improvement. The effect, however, has been neutralized by the continued agricultural depression. But if the agricultural depression comes to an end, the larger expenditure of the working classes will be reinforced by the larger expenditure of the agricultural classes, and thus the stimulus to trade will be very great. It is possible, of course, that a less demand for food on the part of Europe may cause difficulties in America. The United States and Canada raise much more food than they consume, and their prosperity largely depends upon their ability to sell their surplus production at good prices in Europe. If, however, the European harvests generally are large, the demands of Europe will be much smaller; and with smaller demands there necessarily will be a fall in the prices of provisions. It is possible, therefore, that the fall of prices may cause embarrassment in America. But, on the other hand, it is remarkable how cheap wheat creates, as it were, its own market. For example, this year, because wheat is very cheap, we have imported a much larger quantity than last year. And, doubtless, if next year the price falls still lower, the imports will be correspondingly augmented. Thus there is little doubt that, however large may be the surplus production of the world, a market will be found for it. There is another cause not to be overlooked which will tend to improve trade. It is the very low prices of all the raw materials of manufacture, and also the moderate rate of wages. At present the raw materials of manufacture are cheaper than they have been for a quarter of a century; and although the prices of manufactured goods are also very low, it is evident that manufacturers have a great temptation to lay in large stocks and to increase their outturn. Low prices always tend to improve trade. Assuming, then, that there are no untoward accidents, such as a great war, or a financial panic, or a change in the comparatively favourable prospects of the harvest, the probability is that we shall see a considerable improvement in trade before the year ends.

#### THE PICTURE GALLERIES—VI.

**N**ONE of the Galleries in the Academy are so generally satisfactory as the smallest—No. IX.—which contains the water-colours. It is a pleasure to enter it from the rooms full of pictures in oils. Even if a water-colour is not a fine work of art, it is at least not hot, and gritty, and tiring to the eye. But the general level of workmanship is respectable, and a very fair proportion of the pictures are of exceptional merit. Then Gallery IX. has this great advantage also, that it is generally empty. The public which crowds the rest of the Academy seems to regard the water-colours as an intruder into the regions of academic high art. They are well enough in their proper place on the other side of Piccadilly, but in the Academy they are good only for ornamenting the passage between Gallery No. VIII. and Gallery No. XI., in which useful function they are assisted by the architectural drawings. We shall not undertake anything so useless and even ridiculous as attempting to set the public right in this matter. It is very properly of opinion that it has a right to please itself, and will continue to do so. Those, however, who go to the Academy with the object of seeing good artistic work may be assured that they will find more among the two hundred and fourteen water-colours than is scattered through all the thousand and odd oil pictures. Making due allowance for the difficulty of deciding on the merits of some of the drawings which are hung almost out of sight, we do not think that three of these water-colours are absolutely bad.

One of the first works which deserve notice in the gallery is Mr. Donaldson's study of still life (906). The elements are simple in the last degree—an embossed metal jar and a book thrown open on a carved oak table. The scheme of colour is rich and harmonious, and the workmanship very firm. Mr. Donaldson's picture compares very favourably with a still life by Mr. B. W. Spiers (1053), which was inspired, according to the Catalogue, by these lines from Thackeray:—

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all crack'd),  
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken back'd.

We are inclined to believe that the Catalogue is mistaken and that these lines have nothing to do with Mr. Spiers's picture. His knick-knacks are not cracked; on the contrary, they are in excellent condition. The fault we have to find with them is that there are far too many of them, and that they are heaped together in

an inartistic way. There is such a thing as composition and harmony even in pictures of still life. Mr. Spiers's medals, and old ivories, and first editions, and swords, and the rest are thrown on the paper with no attempt to make the forms or colours balance, and consequently his picture is frittered into fragments. To return, however, to the beginning of the Gallery. Just beyond Mr. Donaldson's still life is a perfectly marvellous work of the same kind by Mr. Martin Snape. This is the "Gamekeeper's Museum" (911), a wonderfully painted collection of fur and feather. On the same wall is the "Ave Maria, gratia plena" of Miss J. M. Dealy (918), one of the firmest and most manly pieces of figure-painting in the Academy. The second adjective may seem out of place as applied to the work of a lady; but we know of none more appropriate. Miss Dealy's subject is a Dominican friar standing in prayer with clasped hands. The tone of colouring is low. It is black, white, and grey in the dress, and of almost livid flesh tone in the ascetic face of the friar, which is of the finer Irish type. Miss Dealy's work suggests a careful study of the religious painters of Spain. The "Shetland Homes" of Mr. Frank Barnard (945) is a fine study of sea-birds, crag, and wave. A wet Scotch mist hangs over all; but the forms of the birds are firmly designed and life-like. Miss Mary Eley's figure picture, "The Pet Lamb" (977), is not inferior to the friar of Miss Dealy, though very different. A fair-haired child of a fine English type stands with a toy-lamb in her arms, looking straight out from the frame. The eyes are particularly luminous and beautiful. Miss Eley's colour is pale and neutral. The dress of the child is white; her hair flaxen; the shading is of a pearly grey; but the general effect is not cold. Alongside of this very pleasing picture hangs probably the largest water-colour ever painted, Mr. A. Croft's "Künbrüker, Stalden, Switzerland" (959). This heroic sheet of paper is at least ten feet high and three broad, and is covered with a mountain landscape painted with great solidity. Unfortunately the picture is so hung that it is almost impossible to estimate its technical qualities fairly. Its place is just opposite the door of the Lecture-room, and the sheet of glass reflects the back of Mr. Simonds's statue of Perseus, and, indeed, the whole vista through the central hall into Gallery No. 1. However ingeniously the visitor shifts his place, he is far more conscious of the reflection of all these things, the sofa in the middle of the gallery, and himself, than of Mr. Croft's picture. Allowing for these disturbances, however, it seems to be, as we have said, solidly painted, but a little wanting in light and transparency of atmosphere. "In 1783" (to which is appended a long screed of verse), is one of the failures of the Gallery. Miss Mott has chosen to illustrate "1783" by the figure of a lady in the dress of the time. The model is not by any means pleasing, and the shadows of the face look dirty. Marvellous ingenuity of workmanship cannot save Mr. Sowerby's "Poppies" (978) from being highly uninteresting. A flat field of grass and poppies is not an artistic object. Another equally vacant piece of work is Mr. Donne's "Fresh-fallen Snow on an Alpine Crag" (1023). The picture shows little beyond an expanse of white, broken by streaks of grey. It suggests the work of that artist who painted his naval battle all smoke. Two river scenes of the Thames below London Bridge deserve notice. The first is Mr. Hann's design for the river scene in the "Romany Rye" (1041), and the other is Mr. Henry's "London Bridge" (1054). Both are clever, and both are too green. The portrait of Count Stenbock, by Mr. Leon Zorn (1096), is as solid as oil-painting, and a triumph in its way. Count Stenbock's features are very marked, and his dress the conventional black frock-coat. The subject is not promising, but Mr. Leon Zorn has contrived to make a striking picture out of it. Before leaving the gallery, we wish to mention, and only mention, a few of the landscapes which are particularly worthy of notice. They are the "Loch Maree" of Mr. Weedon (982), Mr. A. K. Brown's "Kippen Moss" (1003), Mr. Tuck's "Polperro, Cornwall" (1004), Mr. James G. Laing's "Sunset at Rye" (1095), Mr. Charles L. Saunders's "Pool on the Moor" (1107), and Mr. David Law's "Venice" (1113). "The Village of Scheveningen," by Mr. T. B. Hardy (1061), and "In the Gardens of the Circo Price, Lisbon" (1110), by Mr. Walter B. Spong, are rather sketches than pictures, but both are vigorous; everything is painted with one touch of the brush, and has its form given it cleanly, though without much finish.

The sixty-fifth exhibition of the Institution of Painters in Water-Colours is chiefly memorable as being the first to be held in the new galleries. Of the merits of this building it is not necessary to speak now; they have been sung amply enough, and on the whole not without reason. The rooms are cool and well lighted, which are the chief merits of any place for showing pictures. We do not know whether it entered into the original design that strains of music should be heard rising through the floor; but it is certainly the case that they do about three in the afternoon and later. It is one agreeable way of uniting the sister arts. The general impression left by the pictures is far from being as pleasant as that of the Water-Colour Gallery in the Academy. There are too many bright reds and brilliant yellows on the walls and a large percentage of sheer daubs on a total of 899 works. These we propose to leave alone and devote what space we can spare to the Institute, to pictures which are pleasant to see and remember. On a first glance round the West Gallery the picture which first attracts the attention of the visitor is the "Adela" of Miss Caroline Vyvyan (195). It is simply called a study, and is of small size, but it is far more of a picture than many more am-

bitably named works. The subject is a woman drawing a deep red mantle round her. She looks upwards to the right. The face has a marked quadroon type, and is full of character. We cannot give praise to any of the other figure-pictures in the West Gallery, but several of the landscapes are meritorious. We may select for mention Mr. W. May's "Summer in England" (24), "The Black Coolins" (38), by Mr. C. E. Johnson, the wild piece of sea and cloud which Mr. C. Topham Davidson calls "A Winter's Night" (217), and, further on, three pictures which hang together—Mr. J. Knight's "Barmouth Shore" (226), Mr. J. Roger's "Canal, Dordrecht" (227), and a "Welsh Landscape," by Mr. J. Tyer (228). We can also recommend visitors to take a careful look at Mr. O'Connor's "Staircase in the North Transept of Burgos Cathedral" (140). The Central Gallery begins well with Mr. H. Johnson's "Plains of Athens" (275), a landscape of great purity of colour and light. Mr. Keeley Halswelle has two landscapes in this gallery, neither of them very good specimens of his style—an over-grey "Summer Day" (352), and "A River Scene near Shiplake" (512), which is better, and contains some fine painting of water and aquatic plants. This artist, however, is at his very best in "Flood Time" (568), a wild, cloudy river scene; and in "On the Cherwell" (771) he displays a warmth of colour very unusual in his work, and all his accustomed firmness of draughtsmanship. We greatly prefer Mr. Linton's "Admonition" (484), apparently a picture of the excommunication scene in *La Favorita*, or the preparation for it, to the lifeless decorative "Surrender" which he has sent to the Academy. Mr. Spiers has given his picture of still life (605) the very appropriate name of "Foolish Old Odds and Foolish Old Ends"; but, though it is a laborious futility, it is wonderfully well painted. None of Mr. E. J. Gregory's other pictures now on view are so distinctly in his good manner as "The Sanctum Invaded" (325). The little girl has the usual defect of all the figures he paints—her feet are absurdly large—but the composition is clever and the colouring good.

It seems only appropriate to take leave of the pictures for this year with some notice of the illustrated Catalogues which are meant to keep their memory green. Mr. Blackburn's Academy and Grosvenor "Notes" are already in everybody's hands, enjoying their well-deserved popularity. With the exception of a very few which are blurred, and one or two which are scratchy, the drawings are good. The Catalogue of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours is also illustrated, but on a system different from Mr. Blackburn's. The drawings are put by themselves at the end, which allows for a certain number of full-page engravings. Some of them are excellent. We select No. 94, the little girl from Mr. Gregory's "Sanctum Invaded."

#### THE THEATRES.

*Rank and Riches*, the new drama by Mr. Wilkie Collins, is a curious compound of improbability and commonplace. Wildly capricious and eccentric in the choice and arrangement of its material, it is at the same time conventional to the point of absolute dulness in the treatment of emotions that appeal to the common experience of humanity. The author would seem to have deliberately set himself the problem of combining what is unfamiliar in nature with sentiments and situations that have been worn threadbare by long service in the art of the theatre. In this way his work may be said to elude the grasp of criticism, for it demands for its right judgment a kind of knowledge such as few critics can claim to possess. In what manner an Italian bird-doctor should conduct himself in his relations with a duke, how a lawyer's clerk should receive the competing attentions of a lady of title and her maid, or what would be the natural and probable course for the members of a Republican club to adopt towards a secretary who is dying of consumption—these are problems upon which few persons of ordinary experience are competent to offer an opinion. The actors themselves must have felt that they were treading upon new ground in attempting to do justice to this strange combination, and it is therefore scarcely surprising that their performance should be found to miss the sense of conviction and reality. And even if the critic contents himself with merely discharging the duties of reporter his task is not easy.

The story of *Rank and Riches* is difficult to follow and still more difficult to recite. All that can be said of it with certainty is that the chronic disorder of a bird of frail constitution is the delicate lever employed by the author to set the complex machinery of the plot in motion. It is this circumstance which first brings Mr. Dominic, the Italian refugee, to the house of Lord Laverock; and to the bird's continued and apparently incurable sufferings we owe the reappearance of this gifted foreigner on the eve of Lady Calista's marriage to the Duke of Heathcote. It may be noted, indeed, that in the closing scenes of the play, wherein the happiness of others is amply provided for, the important services rendered by the bird are not sufficiently recognized; and in the joy of her approaching union with the lawyer's clerk even Lady Calista forgets the little patient in the cage. With regard to the doctor it may, indeed, be allowed that his extraordinary responsibilities in connexion with the plot are enough to account for any degree of professional negligence. No sooner has he entered Lord Laverock's room in the first act than he recognizes in the lawyer's clerk the son of an old friend. Cecil Cassilis is for the moment under a

cloud, and he is not unnaturally somewhat surprised to discover that the bird-doctor, besides being an old friend of his father's, is also well acquainted with the man through whose guilt he now suffers suspicion at the hands of his employers. But there are other matters in this act which might have surprised him still more if he were not a young gentleman of singular self-possession and of admirable breeding. During a brief period of confusion, when everybody is mistaken for somebody else, he receives, with becoming modesty, the ardent attentions of Lady Calista and her maid. To the former he has rendered some trifling service in protecting her from the insults of a ruffian in St. James's Park, who, in return, has broken one of his ribs; and it is perhaps out of consideration for the pain he is suffering that Lady Calista for the moment conceals her identity and allows him to suppose that both his admirers are in domestic service. From this point in the story the maid and her mistress are rivals for the hand of the lawyer's clerk. The wholly disinterested character of the former is proved by the fact that, although she at once detects in the bearing of the Duke the signs of an evident appreciation of her own beauty, she never swerves in her devotion to the hero. She is willing, and even anxious, that her mistress should be honourably allied to the house of Heathcote; but she cannot, and will not, give up the lawyer's clerk. It is only right to say in regard to the Duke himself that the suspicion to which we have referred is wholly unfounded. His constancy to Lady Calista is beyond reproach; and, although he is at all times ready to make way for the lawyer's clerk, this is to be explained by the singular nobility of his nature, and is in no wise to be ascribed to lack of affection. It is long, indeed, since such a duke has been seen upon the stage; and the contrast which he presents with Lord Laverock shows that the aristocracy can only be fairly judged by examples of supreme rank. If the exigencies of the plot had permitted such a thing, we could have desired that the Duke should have been of the party when Lady Calista, with a sudden and generous impulse, invades the sanctity of the Republican club in order to wring from the dying secretary a full confession of the innocence of the hero. His presence, though it might have unduly curtailed the drama, would certainly have softened the asperity of political feeling. But this was not to be. It was necessary to the plot that Lady Calista should once more be mistaken for her maid, and, of course, a man of honourable feeling like the Duke could not have been made a party to any sort of deception. All that is left for him to accomplish is to vindicate the character of his rival, and to take care that in their competition for the heart of Lady Calista there is nothing of which a member of the hereditary Chamber need feel ashamed. Of his forbearance and generosity towards the lady and her lover it is impossible to speak too highly. On the pier at Lightcliffe, a seaside resort which, by natural beauty and by the freedom of its manners, reminds us strongly of Ramsgate, he discovers enough to have aroused the anger and jealousy of any man of lower rank in the Peerage; but even in these aggravating circumstances his courtesy is undisturbed, and his first thought is for his rival. And when, finally, the only obstacle that remains to the union of the young people is the imperfect social status of the hero, he magnanimously offers him a seat in Parliament, and by this means silences the haughty criticism of Lord Laverock.

By the time this point in the story has been reached, the audience is scarcely in a condition to be surprised at anything. The sense of wonder has become blunted by exercise, and therefore no one seems to be very much moved by the discovery that the love-sick lady's-maid has developed the seeds of insanity. It must be said, however, that in singling out this particular character as a fit subject for medical treatment the author has made a somewhat invidious distinction. The benevolent bird-doctor and the irate Earl should also, we think, have been put under restraint; and even if the happy young couple had announced their intention of passing the honeymoon at Hanwell the audience could scarcely have felt at liberty to dispute the wisdom of their choice. In the case of such a play as this it would be obviously impertinent to speak of the quality of the performance. Acting, in the true sense of the word, is scarcely possible under conditions so unfavourable, and although Mr. Anson's protest against the verdict of the audience was doubtless ill-judged, it was not altogether without excuse. His own position was difficult enough; for we may suppose that there was no one in the house capable of deciding with what degree of truth the portrait of a bird-doctor had been realized by the performer. For our own part, we are free to confess that the type is wholly unknown to us. But to Miss Myra Holme a still more difficult and painful duty had been entrusted, and we may most sincerely sympathize with an actress who has to represent the symptoms of madness before an audience kept absolutely in the dark as to the true facts of the case, and who are not permitted to know that the unfortunate woman is intended to be mad until they learn that she is safely shut up in an asylum. Mr. Alexander struggles manfully with the hero, and is worthily seconded by Mr. Sugden as the Duke, while Miss Lingard gives a certain conventional force to a character which no art or skill could render probable and consistent.

At the Gaiety Theatre Madame Pasca, with the company of the Gymnase, has taken the place of Madame Judic. *Serge Panine*, the piece chosen for performance on Monday, is an adaptation, by M. Ohnet, of his own story, and, as might perhaps have been expected, the work shows greater skill in character than in

the details of stage construction. Considering that the action is almost exclusively concerned with the fortunes of the four principal characters, the story is unduly prolonged, and it was past midnight before the curtain descended on the striking situation at the close of the fifth act. And yet the substantial merits of the dramatist's work are shown in the sustained attention which the audience is willing to grant to the deliberate unfolding of a sombre and serious theme. There is but little comedy to lighten or relieve the general gloom of the story, and what little there is is not sufficiently pertinent to awaken any real interest in the performers. The scene between M. Landrol and his bride offers the single exception to this remark, and even here the humour is thrown upon such a dark and sinister background that it scarcely tells as comedy in the ordinary sense of the word. M. Ohnet is content to depend for his success upon the simple force of a story simply told, and if the actors had been in all cases capable of giving due effect to the author's intentions, the success would doubtless have been complete. But, with the exception of Mme. Pasca and M. Landrol, the performers are hardly equal to their work. The former gave a singularly powerful rendering of the prosperous woman of business, whose increasing indignation against the man who has ruined the happiness of her child gradually reawakens the fiercer instincts that lie secreted in her pleasant nature. But M. Barbe, who now takes the part of Serge Panine, though he can present the elegant fascination of the character, misses its darker side. We do not feel in his performance the power of evil behind the charm of a fashionable manner, and his weakness in this respect diminishes the effect of the struggle between himself and Mme. Desvarennes.

On Thursday afternoon last a performance of a unique kind was given at the Lyceum Theatre in aid of the funds of the Royal College of Music. It consisted of an English version of *Robert Macaire* in two acts, a scene from *Money*, and a selection from the *Iolanthe* of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. *Robert Macaire* and its curious history have been so recently discussed in these columns that there is now no need to say anything as to the play itself. To its interpretation Miss Ada Cavendish lent considerable tragic force as Marie, while Miss Ellen Terry gave a poetical grace to the tiny part of Clementine. Mr. Howe, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Thomas Thorne, and Mr. Bancroft each brought their experience and skill to bear upon parts small enough in themselves, as did also Mr. Andrews and Mr. Archer. Mr. Toole's extremely funny performance of Jacques Strop was already well known to London playgoers in a yet more condensed version of the play. Mr. Irving's *Robert Macaire* was, it may be supposed, new to most of the audience, and was, as might have been expected, a somewhat extraordinary feat of acting. Macaire is essentially a traditional part, and Mr. Irving was no doubt well advised in following the tradition begun by the great Frédéric in costume and in business, though it is to be noted that, according to the most trustworthy authority, Mr. Irving is somewhat less obstreperous and farcical in the part than was his great predecessor. The neatness of the business, to take one instance, of the stealing of Pierre's apron could hardly be better for dexterity and readiness, nor is it easy to believe that even Frédéric can have been more successful in the ruffianly swagger, the debouched foppishness, and the underlying power that belonged to Macaire in the first act. Still it is not till the second act that one begins to see why such a part should be worthy of a great actor. In the second act every moment in which Macaire is on the stage is thrilling. From the singular and skilful slide down the stairs at the beginning of the act to the death scene at the end of it, there is nothing in Mr. Irving's acting which is not entrancing. The spectator watches the ruffling vagabond's eyes as he counts over his murderous gain as intently as he listens to the strange accents of pathos which come into Macaire's voice when he finds that his son is living and standing before him. The impression of this passage is so strong that it seems by comparison almost trivial to refer to the admirable dexterity with which the actor handled the incident of picking up the handkerchief which gives him an excuse for speaking to and touching Charles. On the top of this comes the scene in which Macaire throws off the mask and meets his death—a scene surely never surpassed in these times as an example of what a great actor can make out of the alliance of pantomime and intonation.

#### ASCOT RACES.

THE weather in which Ascot Races were begun was far better suited to ladies' dresses than to horses' legs, and the ground, although well covered with herbage, was as hard as iron. The first race was won by Geheimniss, the winner of the Oaks of last year. She was giving weight to each of her eight opponents. Frontier ran within a head of her, but, although he is a year older than the mare, he was receiving 21 lbs. from her. The Duke of Westminster's filly Thirlmere was made first favourite of the dozen two-year-olds that ran for the Maiden Plate; but the race was won by Lady-Vivian's Offspring, a colt by Springfield, that had been bred at Hampton Court. Sir John Willoughby's colt by Balfie out of Katrine, that had cost 1,250 guineas as a yearling, was heavily backed; but he ran very badly, and he will probably do better later in the season. Half a dozen horses came out for the Gold Vase, and the most fancied of the party was Mr. Johnstone's three-year-old colt Border Minstrel, who had won the only races

for which he had started this year. He won the race by half a dozen lengths, apparently with a stone or more in hand; and it is a great pity that he is not entered for the St. Leger. He beat the winner of the Oaks by so many lengths that he must be a very good horse, unless the field for the Oaks was exceptionally bad. Seven starters went to the post for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. The winner of the Derby was not brought out for this race; but the winner of the Two Thousand was made second favourite, although he was giving weight to everything in the race except Ladislas. Some judges of racing inferred from his running in the Derby that he was not a good stayer, and consequently Laocoön, to whom he was giving 12 lbs., was made first favourite. The last-named colt has improved since the Derby; but on public form there did not seem to be sufficient reason for making him first favourite. Galliard was rather troublesome at the post, and when the field got off he ran last during the early part of the race. That singularly unlucky filly, Malibran, made the running as far as the bend into the straight, where she resigned the lead to Ossian, who had started third favourite. At the distance Ossian was beaten, and then Galliard came forward, and, taking his place a length in advance of Ossian, he cantered in an easy winner. There can be no doubt that the winner of the Two Thousand is an excellent horse, and the question whether he ought to have won the Derby may not be altogether unreasonable; but it is only fair to remember, when we praise his performance in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, that he had but an indifferent field behind him. For the Ascot Biennial Stakes for two-year-olds, Mr. Peck's bay filly Superba, by Sterling, out of Highland Fling, was made a strong favourite. On the previous Saturday she had won the British Dominion Two-Year-Old Stakes at Sandown by a length and a half from eleven opponents. She now won again by the same distance, but with the greatest ease. Thebais was made the first favourite for the Ascot Stakes, but she was carrying a great deal of weight, and she was giving Ishmael, who eventually won the race, 16 lbs. and sex. Battlefield bolted at the fatal "hotel turn," where many horses that could have won races had preferred to make for their stables. So far from home as the brick-kilns, Ishmael went to the front, was never again reached, and won by twenty lengths. Hitherto he had been a disappointing horse, but until lately he had always been rather deficient in muscle. He is well enough bred to win any race, being by Adventurer out of a mare by Stockwell, while his grand-dam was by Orlando, so that he has the famous double-cross of Touchstone blood. His owner, Mr. Jardine, has been singularly fortunate in the Ascot Stakes, having now won that race three times in four years. The winner of the Derby of last year came out for the Triennial Stakes for four-year-olds, but she was giving the enormous allowance of 19 lbs. and sex to each of her three opponents. The race was won in a canter by Palermo, who had never won a race before, but had run second for the late Manchester Cup.

The racing on the Wednesday began with the Coronation Stakes, which was won by Lovely. In the Oaks Ettarre had been third, while Lovely had been unplaced, and now Lovely not only beat Ettarre very easily by a length and a half, but also gave her 7 lbs. In the Biennial that followed, another of the Oaks fillies came out. This was Lilac, who used to be considered a fair performer, but she was beaten half a length by the American horse, Blue Grass, who started first favourite. Another first favourite won, again, in the Triennial for two-year-olds. Mr. Houldsworth's Spring Morn, a filly by Springfield out of Sunray, ran in a very raw manner, but Lemaire just managed to keep her straight enough to beat Talisman by a head. There were twenty-two runners for the Royal Hunt Cup. Mr. Gerard won this race last year with Sweetbread, and now he won it again with Elzevir, who was the first favourite. Lord Bradford's Nesscliff, who has grown into a very powerful horse, made a bold challenge as they were running in, but at last Elzevir won very easily by a length and a half. After the race Elzevir was immediately backed for the St. Leger. This was the first time that he had run in public since last season, and he is the first three-year-old that has won the Royal Hunt Cup under 7 st. 7 lbs. He is a lengthy colt, with good shoulders and powerful loins and quarters. It may be remembered that last season he ran a dead heat with St. Blaise at Goodwood. He is by the Irish stallion, Salvator, out of a Stockwell mare. It was a pity that the Orange Cup should be started with a field of only three horses. Odds were laid on the notorious Barcaldine, who waited on Faugh-a-Ballagh until nearing the Grand Stand, when he came away and won by three lengths. He is a large good-looking horse, and just at present it seems far from impossible that he may be the best horse in England. St. Blaise was made first favourite for the Ascot Derby, but he was giving a great deal of weight to both Ladislas and Ossian. When Archer called upon him at the finish he stopped very short, and, after a tremendous race between Ladislas and Ossian, the former won by a head. Too much should not be made of the defeat of St. Blaise, as he was giving 10 lbs. to Ladislas and 17 lbs. to Ossian, to say nothing of his late journeys to Paris and back and his severe race in the Grand Prix; but we now know enough of him to feel pretty certain that he scarcely deserves to be ranked very high among winners of the Derby. Sweetbread, the winner of the Royal Hunt Cup of last year, ran for and won the Visitors' Plate. He was heavily weighted and ran a clever race, winning easily by three-quarters of a length. The extreme outsider, Clairvaux, against whom 20 to 1 was laid, won the Fern Hill Stakes. He is very well bred, being by Hermit out of Devotion. The only other race

for which he ever ran was the Boscawen Stakes, at the Newmarket First October Meeting, when he won in a canter. Thus far the backers had had a wonderful time of it for an Ascot meeting, so it seemed but fair that the ring should at last have a change of luck.

There was not a finer race during the whole meeting than that for the Twentieth New Biennial Stakes on the Thursday. Tyndrum and Lilac, who had been first and second in this race last year, were to run again; but Modred, the winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Epsom, was the first favourite. The race lay between Tyndrum, who won by a neck, and Modred and Whitechapel, who ran a dead heat for second place. Chislehurst, who had disappointed his backers so terribly in the Two Thousand, seemed to have returned to his two-year-old form in the Rous Memorial Stakes, which he won in a canter, beating Limestone by two lengths. He won in very brilliant style and with great ease. Lucerne won the Twenty-First New Biennial Stakes with so much in hand that the backers of Elzevir for the St. Leger felt more confident than ever, for in the Royal Hunt Cup on the previous day Lucerne had been a long way behind Elzevir when receiving 2 lbs. Four horses ran for the Cup. Odds were laid on Tristan, and Dutch Oven was second favourite; 9 to 1 was laid against Wallenstein and 11 to 1 against Fleur d'Orange. They finished exactly in the order that the betting indicated. On the way down to the start Tristan, who was looking rather light, was in one of his cantankerous humours, and he had to be led down the course. When the flag fell he went away gaily enough, but when he came to the hotel turn he tried to make a bolt for the stables. Fordham, however, held him firmly by the head, and although his horses had slipped away from him, he gave chase boldly and caught them one by one until he had gained the lead. At the brick-kilns Wallenstein drew up to Tristan's quarters, and Dutch Oven and Fleur d'Orange also came up. Coming round the turn Tristan increased his lead. At the Spagnoletti board Dutch Oven made a game effort, but she failed in reaching Tristan, who won easily by three lengths. Offspring, on the strength of his victory on the Tuesday, was made first favourite for the New Stakes, but the race was won by Wild Thyme, the winner of the Woodeote Stakes at Epsom, who was giving 4 lbs. to Offspring and as much or more to everything else in the race. She won by half a length, running very gamely against Pontiac and Offspring, who were separated by half a length. Wild Thyme, who, like Tristan, belongs to Mr. Lefevre, is a beautiful filly by Lowlander out of a Voltigeur mare, and her grand-dam was by Stockwell. She cost 800 guineas as a yearling. In the All-Aged Stakes both Despair and Magician tried to shirk when it came to racing, but Archer managed to induce the former to keep his neck in front as far as the winning-post. The winner of the Two Thousand was leading favourite for the St. James's Palace Stakes. He had only Padlock and the American horse Potosi to oppose him. Padlock, it will be remembered, won the valuable Epsom Grand Prize by three lengths from Goldfield, from whom he was receiving a stone. Galliard and Padlock were now meeting at even weights. As much as 7 to 1 was laid on the former, and he won in a canter by a length.

Galliard made his third appearance in the Triennial on the last day of the meeting. At the distance, Hamako, a fine but very backward colt by Hermit, belonging to Mr. L. de Rothschild, was leading the field. He was receiving 12 lbs. from Galliard, and it looked as if he might win; but, when Galliard challenged him, he swerved, and ran in a very raw, coltish manner, allowing the winner of the Two Thousand to get up to him and win by half a length. Faugh-a-Ballagh made the whole of the running in the Alexandra Plate, the course for which is three miles in length. As they came into the straight Wallenstein went up to him, and a splendid race followed between the pair; but Archer held the lead on Faugh-a-Ballagh as far as the winning-post, and won a very hardly-earned race for the Duke of Beaufort by half a length. Last year Faugh-a-Ballagh ran somewhat similar race for the Ascot Cup with Foxhall, but on that occasion he was just beaten by a neck. He is unquestionably a grand stayer, and he is one of the few descendants of the famous Gladiator that have distinguished themselves. Nesscliff, who had run second for the Royal Hunt Cup, was made first favourite for the Wokingham Stakes; but at the Spagnoletti board, where he looked very like winning, he suddenly collapsed, and the race was won by Despair, the winner of the All-Aged Stakes of the Thursday. The extreme outsider Eastern Emperor, a grey colt by Strathconan, belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, won the Windsor Castle Stakes for two-year-olds. As much as 20 to 1 had been laid against him. Although so little fancied, he had cost 1,100 guineas as a yearling, but he had since then been sold again for 650 guineas. The Hardwicke Stakes brought out a good field. Tristam and the Derby winner Iroquois met on even terms. Shrewsbury, who has long been expected to win a great race, had an advantage of 9 lbs. beyond his allowance of weight for age. Dutch Oven and five other horses also ran. Tristam took the lead at the bend, but Iroquois challenged him as he passed the Spagnoletti board. Both horses ran very gamely, but Tristam held his own to the end, and won easily at last by a length and a half. This victory brought Tristam's total winnings in stakes alone up to 17,000L. Reputation was a strong favourite for the Queen's Stand Plate, but he ran very ungenerously, and, do what he might, Archer could not persuade him to struggle at the finish; the race was consequently won by Prince William, a two-year-old colt by Hermit. The Ascot High-Weight Plate, the last race of the meeting, was won by Ishmael, who cantered in

four lengths in front of Bon Jour. Thus ended one of the most successful meetings ever held at Ascot. Never was the weather finer, and seldom have better horses taken part in the races. Three Derby winners and Two Oaks winners suffered defeat during the week; but a winner of the Oaks won the first race of the meeting, and a winner of the Two Thousand was successful in each of the three races for which he started.

## REVIEWS.

## DIARY OF HENRY GREVILLE.\*

MR. HENRY GREVILLE'S Diary will not provoke the criticism which was directed against the more ambitious Memoirs of his elder brother. The present volume, though it consists principally of social reminiscences, is entirely free from scandal. The clamour against Mr. Charles Greville's alleged indiscretions was exaggerated; but it had some foundation in the publication of anecdotes which occupied thirty or forty pages in three thick volumes. Austere reviewers took the trouble of re-publishing all the objectionable passages in a compendious form, leaving themselves no room to notice the solid value of the great bulk of the Memoirs. In the present instance the operation cannot be repeated. The writer, or perhaps the editor, has carefully abstained from causing pain to any living person; yet the Diary is lively, and replete with the interest which attaches to the record of a pleasant and prosperous life. Through his family connexions, his friendships, and his personal accomplishments, Mr. Henry Greville lived in the best society in England, and he had large acquaintance and some cordial intimacies in foreign countries. His musical and dramatic tastes led him to cultivate the friendship of composers and artists, and he was warmly attached to several members of the Kemble family. In the previous generation the most celebrated person of their kindred seems to have been as formidable as she was impressive. Mr. Greville records a reference by Prince Talleyrand to a tradition that Mr. Fox had paid attention to Mrs. Siddons. Lord Brougham replied that it would have been equally possible to pay attention to the ocean. He could not conceive such presumption on the part of any one, except perhaps the East India Company. The Diary extends over twenty years, from 1832 to the end of 1851. During part of the time Mr. Greville was attached to the Embassy at Paris, and he afterwards held a Court office. One of his brothers was, as it is well known, for many years private secretary to the Duke of Wellington, who appears to have had a warm regard for all the Greville family. Accounts of constant visits to the best country houses, and reports of conversations in London and at Paris, can of course form no consecutive story; but many of the anecdotes were worth preservation, and even trifling notices of remarkable persons become interesting to a later generation. In some parts of the volume the account of contemporary political events is accurate, and for certain periods continuous; but Mr. Henry Greville seems not to have been admitted like his elder brother to the confidence of political leaders, probably because he took little interest in public affairs. His judgments, which are generally temperate and sound, appear to have been founded on information which was open to all the world. In one passage he makes a just remark on the conflicting reasons for reserve and candour in his own literary department:—"In the evening went to the —'s, where I found Charles reading his journal aloud, and we discussed what was or was not worth recording in a diary. When I am writing my journal, I generally feel that what will be hereafter most amusing is generally that which had best not be recorded; and then what is important to-day is trite to-morrow. We live so fast." Successive generations generally are subject to the incessant illusion that they live faster than their predecessors. Mr. Greville might have added to his reflections the converse proposition that what is trite to-day will become historical to-morrow. The six large volumes of Mrs. Delany's correspondence scarcely contain an original or brilliant remark. The good lady and her correspondents were commonplace in their opinions, their circumstances, and all the conditions of their lives; yet the book is a valuable contribution to the social history of England during the greater part of the eighteenth century. There is some pretext for the remark that what will be hereafter amusing is generally that which ought not to be recorded. The interests of future readers are sometimes consulted at the cost of exposing the diarist to unfriendly comments, and of the possible desire of his contemporaries for privacy; but even if happy indiscretions have been avoided, diaries ripen with time. Mr. Greville's experiences of forty or fifty years ago already begin to reach the posterity to which they were addressed.

The most remarkable personage who appears in the earlier part of the book is Talleyrand, with whom Mr. Greville had the good fortune to be acquainted. Some notes of his conversation confirm the general impression of his readiness and of his epigrammatic mode of expression. On one occasion Lady Charlotte Greville was talking to Talleyrand of the Empress Josephine. "Avait-elle de l'esprit?" said my mother. "Elles en passait supérieurement bien," said Talleyrand. It would be difficult to define more neatly the tact which

sometimes supplies defects in intellectual ability. On the same occasion Talleyrand quoted an answer made by Goethe to Napoleon's criticism that *Werther* had no real conclusion. "J'aurais voulu," said the Emperor a second time, "que vous eussiez fait une fin, une véritable fin." Goethe laughed again. "Mais de quoi riez-vous donc?" said Napoleon. "Ah, Sire," said Goethe, "j'aurais cru que vous soutiendriez n'auriez pas voulu de fin à un roman," which, as Guizot said, was "très-joli." Mme. de Lieven said, "Très-peu Allemand. C'est qu'il ne l'était pas du tout dans le genre de son esprit," said Guizot. It is true that wit is not a common German faculty, but Guizot's judgment of Goethe is incomplete, if not shallow. One of Talleyrand's anecdotes has historical value. Barras, then a principal member of the Directory, by arrangement with Mme. de Staél, invited Talleyrand, with whom he was previously unacquainted, to dinner, and seemed to like his conversation. Some time afterwards Talleyrand received in a gaming-house a letter from Barras, which he put in his pocket till he had finished his game, and which contained the offer of the appointment of Foreign Secretary. The first time he attended the sitting of the Directory Barras said to Carnot, "Tu mens, tu sais que tu mens." The other replied, "Je te réponds, c'est toi qui mens, et pour à donner le démenti, je lève ma main. . . . 'Ne lève pas ta main,' interrupted Barras, 'car il en dégoutterait du sang.' 'Ah! mon Dieu,' said Talleyrand, 'dans quelle jolie compagnie je me trouve-là alors, je n'avais rien vu de pareil!'" The complicity of Carnot in the judicial murders of the Reign of Terror has been too commonly forgotten or condoned. The so-called organizer of victory signed all the death-warrants, though he left to Robespierre and St. Just the selection of the victims whom they hated or feared. Talleyrand, a gentleman of high birth and breeding, may well have been surprised at the language and manners of the half-reclaimed Republicans of the Directorate. Mr. Greville gives an interesting account of a visit to the Prince at Valenciennes. On his death, he remarks that he was the last of the great nobles who maintained the ancient feudal state. He might have added that Talleyrand had, by his political eminence, attained almost royal rank. He scarcely showed his customary tact when he affronted M. Van de Weyer by telling him that the King of Belgium ought to be a kind of amiable archduchess, encouraging the arts and declining all connexion with arms. The book contains many notices of other principal persons in France; but none of them are so interesting as Talleyrand. Mr. Greville seldom mentions Louis Philippe without comments on his want of dignity; but he always speaks with admiration and respect of the Queen. He was evidently sensitive on the subject of manners and bearing; but his political and personal criticisms are generally quoted from others. Dupin was the coarsest-looking person he ever saw. Guizot, in his short exile, seemed to have the air of a schoolmaster, but Mr. Greville was afterwards struck with the brightness of his eye. He thought that Guizot was not happy in conversation, as he declaimed or lectured instead of talking. All his French informants, including Guizot himself, thought meanly of Thiers's character, though his abilities were not disputed. Mr. Greville seems to have been intimately acquainted with Mme. de Lieven, who in her later years became the confidential associate and adviser of Guizot. On one occasion he received from Mr. Charles Greville an able answer to the arguments by which Mme. de Lieven had attempted to defend the iniquitous conduct of the King and his Minister with respect to the Spanish marriages. Lady Enfield has omitted some of the letters on political questions, on the ground that they differ little from Mr. Charles Greville's account of the same transactions. Mr. Henry Greville reports a conversation which his brother held with Thiers, who fully reciprocated the feelings of his rival and his rival's confederate. "He owns his abhorrence of Guizot, who, he said, was 'un traître, qui l'avait traité d'une manière infâme,' that with regard to his strength in the Chambers, 'il ne fallait pas croire tout ce que Mme. de Lieven en disait: Qu'elle était une sotte et une bavarde, une menteuse,' and that the King, whatever Charles might think of him, was 'un poltron!'" It is perhaps scarcely fair to accept as true the opinion which rivals and enemies respectively form of one another. The book contains some information on the affairs of other Continental countries. One of his most intimate friends, a member of the family of Karolyi, often wrote to him on Austrian affairs. Count Dietrichstein, Austrian Ambassador in England, said in Mr. Greville's presence at a dinner-party that Metternich, who had a few days before ceased to be Chancellor of the Empire, was a great culprit, and had much to answer for. Rovelli, the Sardinian Minister, criticized his sovereign with equal candour. "He says that the King has a mind for popularity which nothing satisfies." Mrs. Sartoris, writing from Rome in 1848, described with characteristic humour the feelings of Ferdinand IV. of Naples when he had, by the advice of the Pope, granted a Constitution to his subjects. He walked up and down the room, striking his forehead and exclaiming, "Ah! Madonna mia, Madonna mia, che imbroglio m'ha fatto il Vicario di tuo Figlio!"

It is not uninteresting to recall with Mr. Greville's aid the course of events in France during the short-lived Republic. As at other times, the opinions and prognostications of contemporary observers are constantly falsified by the result. As in Mr. Senior's reported conversations, the best-informed Frenchmen seem to have been invariably mistaken. Early in 1849 M. Guizot informed Mr. Greville that Louis Napoleon was "un honnête garçon, mais un sot, un dandy de mau-

\* Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville. Edited by the Viscountess Enfield. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

vaiss compagnie." "The President was daily becoming more discredited, and if any one now were seriously to speak of the probability of his being declared Emperor, 'on lui rirait au nez.' " "I saw Marochetti," adds Mr. Greville in the morning, "who told me nearly the same thing as Guizot." Van de Weyer, on the other hand, "told Charles that Louis Napoleon is a very much cleverer man than he was generally supposed to be." Mr. Greville's English informants make fewer mistakes, having less surprising and novel events to deal with. It is amusing to find in the Diary, which seldom refers to literary matters, an account, evidently furnished by Macaulay himself, of his interview with the Quaker deputation about his attack on William Penn. "The Quakers denied the fact, but Macaulay produced all the official documents on which he had founded his statements, and they were entirely floored." There is now little difference of opinion on the point that the Quakers were in the right. It is easy to believe that Macaulay contrived to please the Quakers by his courtesy. In his frequent mention of the Duke of Wellington Mr. Greville contributes his share to the fulfilment of the poet's prophecy:—

Whatever letters leap to light,  
He never shall be shamed.

All memoirs of the time illustrate the remarkable position which the Duke held during the latter years of his life. His advice was always at the service of the Government of the day, when the good of the nation could be promoted. Lady Enfield adds a touching notice of a visit which he made to Manchester from her father's house at Worsley in attendance on the Queen. He slept nearly all the way, till Lady Enfield, fearing that the crowd would be disappointed if he took no notice of their cheers, said, "Duke! Duke! that is for you." He made his customary salutation with two fingers, and then relapsed into sleep. The Duke's account of his only interview with Nelson has been published before; but Mr. Greville writes it in his own words. "The Duke had no doubt that he was the greatest seaman that ever existed." Sir Robert Peel, who was present, said that in everything else Nelson was "below par," and that his genius as a sailor was proved by his success in extricating himself from innumerable scrapes. In mentioning other public characters Mr. Greville commonly abstains from personal criticism. He expresses an exceptional distaste for the society of Charles Buller, one of the most attractive of men. His objection was that Buller was inclined to banter, and there was evidently a misunderstanding between them. On one occasion Mr. Greville "met Carlyle the author, whom I had never seen before. He talks the broadest Scotch, and appears to have coarse manners, but he might be amusing perhaps at times." The contemptuous tolerance of the man of genius by the man of a conventional world might perhaps be not less amusing at times. On other grounds it is, if not amusing, both interesting and instructive to learn that in 1852 "some of John Russell's friends are vexed at his having invited Bright to dinner, and which in his position he had better have let alone, no doubt." The whole book, from which it is necessary to make extracts almost at random, would perhaps have been less valuable if it had recorded more original judgments. The opinions of a former time are most accurately represented by a sensible, well-bred, popular member of society who, instead of trying to exercise influence of his own, was content to record what he saw and heard.

#### MEMORIALS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.\*

THE character of Mary Queen of Scots has already been made the subject of so many books that one would think that by this time it must be pretty well worked out. But it still goes on, like a perennial stock, throwing out a fresh blossom annually with astonishing regularity. Mr. Stevenson, however, has a very good apology to offer for adding another volume to the number already written, for he brings fresh materials to feed the flame of controversy. He now prints for the first time certain manuscripts which he considers have such an important bearing on the case that the character of Mary cannot be fairly judged until they have been received in evidence. The most important of these manuscripts is a fragment of a history of Mary's reign which Mr. Stevenson believes to be the work of her secretary Claude Nau. It is not signed, but he takes the evidence of the handwriting as conclusive, and thinks that it was written while Nau was a member of Mary's household, and probably from her dictation. This fragmentary document is without either beginning or end. It covers the period that elapsed between the murder of Riccio and Mary's flight into England, a space of about five years. Thus it professes to tell the true history of the most critical points of her life. It is interesting therefore to trace the narrative page by page, and to note carefully in what points it differs from the commonly received account of the several incidents which are brought forward alternately by Mary's friends or foes as incontrovertible proofs of her guilt or innocence. Nau's narrative is, of course, an apology for the Queen, throughout. Beginning abruptly in the middle of a sentence, it refers to Riccio's murder as the beginning of a "business" the finishing of which was imperative for the safety of the chief actors. The dismissal of the Parliament is said to have been proclaimed on Sunday instead of Saturday, the date usually given, and the return of Moray

and the banished lords is set down to Saturday instead of Sunday. In the reconciliation that followed between the Queen and her husband, he is represented as acting the part of a humble suppliant entreating her to devise means for his safety and her own. The interview with Moray, too, takes a new colour, no mention being made of the show of fraternal affection which has found its way into history. In the midnight escape the Laird of Traquair is mentioned as accompanying the King and Queen as well as Arthur Erskine, and new details are given of how that escape was planned and carried out that would give fresh proof, if proof were wanted, of Mary's readiness and ability.

In singular contrast with the detailed account of the conversations and preparations which preceded her flight to Dunbar and the minuteness of the record of her illness at Jedburgh, in which all the particulars are given of the treatment by which Arnault, her surgeon, brought her back to life when she was taken for dead, is the brevity with which the murder of Darnley is dismissed. Care is taken to show how the wretched creature had won the ill-will of every one all round by his insolence and untrustworthiness, but nothing is said of the discussion at Craigmillar, where Mary openly expressed her desire to be rid of her troublesome husband on any terms except a divorce. Darnley's death is thus briefly told:—

That very night, as her Majesty was about to leave the king, she met Paris, Lord Bothwell's *valet-de-chambre*, and noticing that his face was all blackened with gunpowder, she exclaimed in the hearing of many of the lords, just as she was mounting her horse, "Jesu, Paris, how begrimed you are!" At this he turned very red.

On the 20th of February 1567, about three or four o'clock in the morning, a match was put to the train of gunpowder which had been placed under the king's house. It was afterwards made public that this had been done by the command and device of the Earls of Bothwell and Morton, James Balfour, and some others, who always afterwards pretended to be most diligent in searching out the murder which they themselves had committed.

This passage we cannot help thinking more remarkable for what it omits than for what it tells. There is no explanation given of the reasons why the Queen was going back to Edinburgh that night contrary to her custom, nor why she did not go into her own bedroom, the room below Darnley's, where she would have found more gunpowder to notice than there was on the valet's face, though in her correspondence she dwells at length on the interposition of Providence which had prevented her sleeping in the house that night, and so sharing her husband's fate. Nor are we told that Bothwell was the first to bring her the news of the disaster, and it seems strange that so sharp a mind as hers did not connect the suspicious appearance of the servant with the complicity of the master. As to the feelings of the Queen when she heard of the tragedy, the manuscript only says that "she was in great grief, and kept her chamber all that day." The blame of promoting the deed is laid on Moray, though he took care to be absent from Edinburgh at the time it took place. Bothwell is represented as justifying himself in "full parliament" as to the charges which public report brought against him, while Mary's subsequent marriage with Bothwell is said to be the work of her advisers.

Their plan was this, to persuade her to marry the Earl of Bothwell, so that they might charge her with being in the plot against her late husband, and a consenting party to his death. This they did shortly after, appealing to the fact that she had married the murderer.

This poor young princess, unexperienced in such devices, was circumvented on all sides by persuasions, requests, and importunities; both by general memorials signed by their hands and presented to her in full council, and by private letters.

It happened one day, that all these lords and the chief of the council of the nobility, having held a meeting in the Earl of Bothwell's house, in Edinburgh, sent Lethington, the Justice Clerk, and a third, to the Queen as their delegates. It had become absolutely necessary that some remedy should be provided for the disorder into which the public affairs of the realm had fallen from the want of a head; and they had now come to tell her of the course which they had agreed upon recommending for the purpose. They had unanimously resolved to press her to take Bothwell for her husband. They knew that he was a man of resolution, well adapted to rule, the very character needed to give weight to the decisions and actions of the council. All of them, therefore, pleaded in his favour.

Mary is represented in quite a new character, that of the weak and yielding woman, forced into a marriage against her inclination and against her will. Over and over again she refuses point blank. And at last she yields when it is pointed out to her that Bothwell has been "legally acquitted by the Council":—

Thus vehemently urged in this matter, and perceiving that the said Earl of Bothwell was entirely cleared from the crime laid to his charge, suspecting, moreover, nothing more than what appeared on the surface, she began to give ear to their overtures, without letting it be openly seen, however, what would be her ultimate decision, in such a way as to find a judgment upon it. She remained in this state of hesitation partly because of the conflicting reports which were current at the time when this marriage was proposed, partly because she had no force sufficiently strong to punish the rebels, by whom (if the truth must be told) she was rather commanded than consulted, and ruled rather than obeyed.

Certainly if Mary dictated this account of herself in good faith, she furnishes a striking instance of how the cleverest people may deceive themselves as to their own characters. In the whole course of her life, as long as she was at large, Mary never allowed herself to be forced into doing anything that was repugnant to her wishes, and any appearance of coercion only strengthened her purpose of opposition, as it always does with women of unusual mental power. It may be urged that at this time Bothwell was the most powerful subject in the kingdom. But if he was, it was only the Queen's favour that had made him so. When he first appears upon the scene of Scottish history it is as a poverty-stricken nobleman

\* *History of Mary Stuart*. By Claude Nau. Edited by Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J. Edinburgh: William Paterson. 1883.

who is sorely put to it to keep up the decency of appearance required by his rank. But she heaped honours and lands upon him, even while the public voice denounced him as the murderer. But even if we grant that this subject had been made so powerful that she herself was now afraid of him, she would have found some means of eluding his grasp if she had been minded to do so. If there was one strongly-marked trait in her character, it was her readiness and fertility of resource in all possible emergencies. She was never at a loss for the means of getting herself out of a difficulty. But in this instance there was no need to cast about for an expedient. If she did not wish to marry Bothwell, she had only to point out that he had a legal wife already, whose existence made the union impossible. For Bothwell had been married to Lady Jane Gordon, and a dissolution of that marriage on the ground of consanguinity had to be obtained before he could marry the Queen. That dissolution she knew to be a mere farce, for a dispensation prior to the marriage of Bothwell to Lady Jane, providing against any question of consanguinity that might afterwards be raised, had bound them as tightly together as it was possible for the ecclesiastical laws of the times to bind them. The existence of this dispensation, though it was long unknown to the world at large, must have been perfectly well known to Mary, as she had been the chief promoter of the match. It is vain to maintain, as Mary's supporters do, that at that time she had no party in the State, and that so many of the lords had been won over by Bothwell to his interest that to resist him was impossible. They only supported his cause while they believed it to be for their own interest to do so. They all turned upon Bothwell very shortly after the marriage; and if the Queen had shown that she wished it, and they could have been sure of her good faith, they would have been only too delighted to do so before.

Nau's narrative goes on to tell the story of the forcible abduction; how the Queen was returning from Stirling, where she had been to visit her son, to Linlithgow, with only Lord Huntley, who was a warm partisan of Bothwell, in attendance on her; when Bothwell surprised her at the head of fifteen hundred armed horsemen and carried her off to Dunbar, where she found herself virtually a prisoner till she consented to the marriage. The ceremony was performed by a Protestant at Holyrood Palace. The Memorial tells us that "All the people were admitted and the chief of the nobility were present"; but, unfortunately, it does not settle the question whether the marriage was celebrated in the chapel or the council-chamber of the Palace. Nothing is said to give colour to the story that the Queen was a prey to profound grief on the wedding-day, which some of her supporters consider a strong point in her defence. After being provokingly reticent as to many incidents about which one longs for more information, the Memorial again becomes more prolix, and professes to give a true version of the Queen's parley with the lords at Carberry, and all that subsequently passed at Edinburgh and Lochleven. The great event of the sojourn at Lochleven was the signing of the instruments which resigned the crown to her son and made Moray Regent. There are two rumours current concerning this event. The one is that Mary, having been secretly advised by a letter which Melville brought to her in the scabbard of his sword, that no agreement wrung from her under such circumstances was binding, yielded with a good grace; the other, that the signature was only forced from her by violence. The Memorial favours the violent story and gives ample details of the brutal behaviour of Lord Lindsay, who many times "advised her to sign, for if she did not, she would compel them to cut her throat, however unwilling they might be." And the writer of the Memorial firmly believes that had she persisted in her refusal she would have been taken from Lochleven and either drowned in crossing the loch or conveyed to "some island in the middle of the sea," there to be kept unknown to the whole world in close custody for the remainder of her life, and that her forcible abduction was only prevented by George Douglas "causing all his relations and the servants of the house, by whom he was much respected, to rise in rebellion." The Memorial then goes on to describe the effects of poison that had been administered to her, but after this there is nothing of any moment as throwing any light upon the difficult questions of the day. It strikes one as strange that there is no reference to the Casket Letters.

If we could accept this narrative as indeed dictated by the Queen, it would supply what has long been desired, her own account of what passed between herself and Moray in that interview at Lochleven of which we have as yet only the report written by the opposite side. The account here given says that Moray arrived at supper-time, just as the Queen was sitting down to table, but refused to sup with her, "nor did he offer to give her the napkin until she had reminded him of it, telling him that in former days he had not thought it beneath him to do so." The writer also notes that he never spoke to the Queen but in a loud voice and with his face turned towards the people who had come with him, among whom was Lord Morton, and that he even asked their leave to speak with his sister alone. They in their turn called him "Grace," a title he had not assumed before. In the private talk which followed, and which took place in the garden, Moray upbraided the Queen with not having had more regard for her reputation in the eyes of the world, and pointed out her late marriage as giving colour to the report that she was a consenting party to the murder of Darnley. The Queen replied that, conscious of innocence, she cared not what calumny said, and reproached her brother with his ingratitude. He asked her advice about accepting the Regency, and she told him it was not at all a fit position for him, and she begged he would take no such

charge upon himself. She then spoke to him about her rings, among other matters, which were very numerous and very precious, and though they were her private property, she wished them to be united with the Crown jewels of Scotland so as to secure them for her son; to which Moray answered that to attempt to interfere with the pleasure of the Lords concerning the jewels would be as unreasonable as if "some one should attempt to rescue Her Majesty out of their hands." All this directly contradicts Moray's account of the same interview as reported by Throckmorton to Elizabeth, in which Mary is represented as entreating her brother with tears and embraces to undertake the Regency and the custody of her jewels. The narrative breaks off as abruptly as it began some little time after Mary's arrival in England. A copy of the original French is given in the appendix, so that readers have an opportunity of testing the fidelity of the translation. Nau came into Mary's service early in 1575, and remained with her till a short time before her death in 1587. The manuscript therefore, if it be indeed by him, must have been written some time within that period. Mr. Stevenson suggests the probability that the Queen sought in talking over her past history to solace the dreariness of her more rigid imprisonment at Tutbury.

From what we have said of the contents of these Memorials it will be seen that they are not likely to make any great change in the Marian controversy. Even if it be taken for granted that they are in Nau's writing, and that the substance of them fell from Mary's own lips, they will be accepted as worthy of belief or not according to each reader's already formed estimate of her character. Mr. Stevenson's historical introduction, which is twice as long as the fragmentary history it introduces, explains the manuscript and gives a general view of the affairs in Scotland during that period. Several documents bearing on Mary's history discovered by Mr. Stevenson in the Vatican and Barberini libraries are added in the appendix, and supply various accounts of the events of Mary's reign as seen from the Roman Catholic point of view.

#### YOLANDE.\*

IN *Yolande*, his latest novel, Mr. Black has given a welcome proof that if he has sometimes seemed in some measure to be content with floating on his reputation, the practice has at any rate not been due to an abiding exhaustion of power. The temptations which beset an author who is practically assured of popular favour are great, and may be understood without much difficulty. And in connexion with this the pleasure of critics who are jealous of such a writer's reputation at finding some slight disappointment more than counterbalanced by work which fully confirms a first estimate of the author's powers may also be understood. It is needless to specify what production or productions of Mr. Black's may have seemed to indicate something like a falling-off; it is pleasant to say that *Yolande* displays, along with the grace that is seldom wanting in Mr. Black's manner, an amount of strength and insight that shows an advance even upon works of his with which in their kind there has been little fault to find. Faults there may be, and faults, to our thinking, there are, in the construction of *Yolande*, but the more important thing is that in it the author has conceived and drawn more than one exceptionally fine character; that he has shown a power of creating a really strong story of love and rivalry without an unworthy touch; and that in certain passages of the book he attains and holds with success an interest which may be fairly termed tragic. Perhaps the author has never before risen to the height which is reached in *Yolande* in the scenes wherein the daughter bravely struggles, at a personal risk unknown to herself, to save her mother from indulgence in a besetting vice. This is the more remarkable because the materials are of an essentially everyday and essentially modern kind. The case of a woman—or for that matter of a man—being driven first by injudicious advice into abuse of stimulants, and thence into the worse abuse of the poisonous drugs which the present state of our law allows to be sold to any extent in chemists' shops as patent medicines, is unhappily only too common. Mr. Black has seen how such a case can, under the novelist's treatment, assume a highly poetical aspect. The woman, in this case the heroine's mother, has fallen more and more under the influence of the drug that soothes her pain and undermines her intellect and will. She has become so hopelessly enslaved by it that she herself is a terror and a weariness to the husband who has loved her truly and deeply. The mother's very existence is carefully kept a secret from the daughter, and hence arise various complications which are skilfully managed, and which, as has been said, at some points lead to the display of unexpected power.

The novel opens in a London hotel with a pretty scene between Mr. Winterbourne, M.P. for Slagpool, and his daughter Yolande; and it may be noted as one of the mistakes in artistic handling that we are treated to a full explanation of Mr. Winterbourne's political views and position, which really has nothing to do with the story. This would seem to be a kind of echo of the fashion that has set in among the writers of stories that are no stories—a fashion led or fostered

\* *Yolande: the Story of a Daughter.* By William Black, Author of "Macleod of Dare," "A Princess of Thule," &c. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

by those ingenious American authors who contemptuously dispose of the masters of fiction of a past time. Now Mr. Black's story, though there is plenty of character in it, and that without any of the shallow pretences of what is called "analysis," is decidedly a good story; and just because it is so good one is disposed to resent the introduction in it of things which one expects to lead to something, and which really lead to nothing. However, as we have said, the scene between father and daughter is decidedly pretty, and in it, as throughout the book, Mr. Black has managed with a light and fine touch to indicate by the very slightest tricks of speech the fact that Yolande, having been educated in a "so-called château in Brittany," is more at home in speaking French than in speaking English. When the father and daughter have parted, we get the first hint that there is something wrong from the fact that a stone crashes through the window, and Mr. Winterbourne going downstairs finds "a tall woman, dark and pale," with a strange dazed look in her eyes, to whom he presently gives money as he puts her into a cab. It has been said that there are some faults of construction in the novel; but among them we certainly must not reckon the treatment of the mystery. The author has, as it seems to us, told his readers just enough about it at the beginning, and has revealed the exact nature of it just at the right moment. The first result of the incident of the stone is that Mr. Winterbourne, taking his daughter with him, leaves London for Oatlands Park. Here there are staying a certain Colonel Graham and his wife, only daughter of Lord Lynn, a Scotch peer. The Grahams and the Winterbournes arrange to take a run up the Nile together; and Mrs. Graham, who has her own ideas, asks her brother, Mr. Leslie, the Master of Lynn, to join them.

At their start Mr. Black again introduces an incident which seems to the hardened novel-reader to have a decided significance, but which turns out to be completely redundant. A strange woman comes up to Yolande, and entreats for speech with her. Here, one at once thinks, is a further development of the mystery to which we are introduced in the first chapter; and, naturally enough, Mr. Winterbourne, who comes up too late to interfere, has the same impression. As a matter of fact, the woman has simply been attracted by Yolande's face to ask her to scatter some flowers in the sea two days off Gibraltar in memory of a child who has died at sea. Nothing turns upon the incident; it is dragged in by the head and shoulders; and there is surely something radically vicious in this method of introducing isolated bits of human life in such a way that the reader is always waiting for something to result from them. The incident might have been brought in to illustrate Yolande's character and the confidence which her very look inspires; but it has so aggressive an air of meaning something more, that the pathos naturally belonging to it is entirely overwhelmed. The voyage gives Mr. Black a good opportunity for the kind of description in which he excels; but it is to be noted that the due proportion between description and narrative is preserved. The Master of Lynn, as might be expected, falls in love, or thinks he falls in love, with Yolande, and Yolande accepts his proposal in a quiet matter-of-fact manner, which shows plainly enough that she does not know what she is about. Mr. Winterbourne agrees, through the Master of Lynn, to rent a shooting, called Alt-nam-ba, from Lord Lynn, and everything seems to be going smoothly but for the secret which oppresses Winterbourne, and as to which he confides his doubts and troubles by letter to his particular friend, John Shortlands. With this state of things we come to the end of the first volume, which, whatever faults it may have, is very pleasant reading, and arouses a keen wish to see what happens.

The second volume takes us to Alt-nam-ba. Hard by there is living a certain Jack Melville, of whom and of a romantic story in connexion with him we have heard in the first volume. He is so gifted, so modest, so full of information and accomplishment, so wise beyond his years, that it is much to the author's credit that he has succeeded in turning him out in any other guise than that of an intolerable prig. Yolande, who with Mrs. Graham has preceded her father, talks so much about Melville when Mr. Winterbourne arrives that one readily guesses what is going to happen. How it happens, however, is quite another matter. The catastrophe is admirably led up to, and is recounted with real strength. Before it becomes plain to Yolande and to Melville that they love each other a good many things have happened. Lord Lynn and his sister have set their faces as hard as possible against Leslie's marriage; Shortlands and Winterbourne have talked over the business of the secret; and the wise Melville has been called into council. He undertakes to break the matter to the Master of Lynn, and comes back from him with an assurance that he will have nothing to do with keeping watch and ward over such a skeleton in the cupboard. If he is to marry Yolande, the mother must be somehow definitely locked up out of the way, and it must be quite certain that she will never give any trouble. The question of what is to be done next naturally arises; and here again it is the amazing Solomon, Melville, who decides for the two elder men, and takes the whole responsibility on his own shoulders. Yolande must be told the secret, and he (Melville) must tell it to her. This is accordingly done; the scene between the two is finely described; and the result, or rather one result, is just as Melville has anticipated, that Yolande resolves to go to her mother and try to save her. She goes accordingly to London, Melville, unknown to her, following to keep guard over her. She finds her mother, rescues her with some difficulty—in which Melville, again unknown to her,

comes to the front—from the people with whom she is living, and who make capital of her infirmity, and carries her off to lodgings at Worthing. It is in the description of what follows that Mr. Black reaches, as it seems to us, a higher point than he has touched before. Faults of the kind already indicated may be found, especially just at the end, in the third volume; but they are outweighed by the tenderness and firmness with which the author has treated the exceedingly difficult situation of the mother and daughter. With his handling of this it would indeed be difficult to find any fault. What happens as to this, and as to Yolande and the Master of Lynn, readers may discover for themselves in the pages of a book which is full of poetical feeling, and which does more credit to the author than any work he has produced for some time past.

#### LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON.—VOL. I.\*

NEARLY seventeen years ago, at the close of a remarkable and characteristic article on Sir William Rowan Hamilton in the *North British Review*, Professor Tait mentioned with satisfaction that "the Rev. R. P. Graves, one of Hamilton's oldest friends, and brother of his former colleague in the University, the Bishop of Limerick," was about to write his biography. In 1866 Sir William Hamilton's death was a quite recent event, which, unless we mistake, must have followed rather closely upon that visit to England during which the University of Cambridge conferred an honorary degree upon one of the greatest mathematicians of his age. The compliment was from no point of view paid too soon; and, considering the severity of Hamilton's strictures, now made public, upon some English men of science, it is doubly well that it should have been offered before it was too late. At the present day, although the full consequences of Hamilton's great achievement in geometry—the discovery of the method of quaternions—can hardly be said to have as yet declared themselves, his fame as a mathematical thinker is more securely established than ever. But it was certainly becoming time for the outlines of his personality to be traced by a competent biographical hand, if they were worth retaining at all for the benefit of posterity. That such was the case will be denied by no reader of these records of a singularly pure and noble life. It is therefore matter for congratulation that Mr. Graves, after having been much hampered by illness and other engagements, should have accomplished at least a part of his labour of love. The scale on which he has set about it is, however, somewhat at variance with the tastes and tendencies of the present times, and the book cannot in any case appeal to a very large audience. Sir William Rowan Hamilton was a great man; but how many of those who appreciate him will care for fifteen pages about Archibald Hamilton, his father, including several letters and part of a testimonial for the secretaryship of the Grand Canal Company? Again, Mr. Aubrey de Vere is a true poet, examples of whose early verse few will think unwelcome, and whose criticisms are generally as true as they are refined; but though some of his letters printed in the latter part of this volume are in our judgment, to say the least, as good literary matter as anything contained in it, they cannot but be said to cumber it as a biography. On the other hand, there is nothing to disturb the mild seriousness of its general tone, or to relieve the steady, though not violent, strain which the endeavour to peruse it will put upon all but a limited class of readers. Except in the accounts of the hero's childhood, though there is occasional talk of gaiety and laughter, no ripple of wit or humour plays on the surface of the stream; and nobody who appears in the volume—unless it be Dean Buckland at the British Association meeting in Oxford—seems able to afford to make mirth. Probably in all this Mr. Graves has faithfully caught the right tone as a biographer. We only wish that the good feeling and taste which are manifestly habitual to him had in two isolated instances prevented him from neglecting his canon. Whatever we may think of the grounds upon which the future Sir William Hamilton exclaimed against the point of view from which the future Sir George Airy regarded science, no bitter personal reflections ought, in common courtesy, to have been introduced in connexion with the latter honoured name. A passage offensive in a very different way, which we do not quote because it was possibly retained by accident only, occurs at the close of chapter xii., where a person whom it cannot be difficult to identify is described by Hamilton as "not at all brilliant." Apart from these slips, the choice of a biographer, which may almost be said to have been made by Hamilton himself, has been sufficiently justified. Certainly no passage in this volume will be read with greater interest than that in which Mr. Graves records his personal impressions of his distinguished friend when in the years of early manhood and already at the height of his intellectual powers. This sketch of character furnishes the key to much that precedes and follows it, and that may excite the impatience of some readers. For, though Hamilton's letters and verses may at first sight seem curiously self-centred, Mr. Graves is no doubt warranted in saying that their author

was far from being exclusively confined to the consideration of subjective ideas; he took no unwilling note of outward objects and matters of fact, whether in human life or surrounding nature; and he was always

\* *Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton, including Selections from his Poems, Correspondence, and Miscellaneous Writings.* By Robert Perceval Graves. Vol. I. Dublin University Press Series. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. London: Longmans & Co. 1882.

alive to passing incident, and prompt to take necessary action ; but it is to be admitted that the perpetual consciousness of the working of his great brain, of the large compass embraced by his thoughts, of the depth and permanence of his feelings, did in him become an over-weight, and made the presence of self unduly felt by him, and self-contemplation too habitual. This self-consciousness was indeed most remarkably free from selfishness ; for no one was ever more ready to yield what might properly be yielded to another, nor to take considerate thought of the condition and circumstances of all in contact with him ; but it was too operative to be concealed, and indeed he took no pains to conceal it, for he was above all things simple and unaffected ; and this interest in his own mind and feelings led him into what, perhaps, was almost the only instance of disproportionate action in his intercourse with others ; it did not manifest itself in the social circle, but with a friend, or one whom he hastily or charitably supposed to be such, he would too freely give credit for willingness to enter into abstract reasoning on the scientific subjects which engaged him, or for the personal sympathy which would take pleasure in the verses which gave utterance to his feelings ; and, accordingly, when the incompetent, the uncongenial, and the unfriendly were thus treated by him, he incurred in their estimation the character of boredom, while even the true and comprehending friend would feel at times that his communicativeness was not always sufficiently restrained by regard to time and circumstances. His courtesy and his readiness to show deference, proceeding from his kindness of nature and his religious humility, never in the least degree interfered with his truthfulness.

Mr. Graves goes on to say that Hamilton lacked neither moral courage and high spirit, nor physical courage and activity ; and that it was the possession of all these qualities which made him, when a young man of about twenty-three, "so delightful a combination of the boy and the man"—a combination which "continued to exist into advanced years of his life."

It is well known that the man of genius who thus retained in maturity the freshness of mind which is among the divine gifts of youth had as a child developed his intellectual powers with almost unexampled rapidity. Something of this he owed to birth and breeding ; for he clearly came of a good stock, though Professor Tait's claim of him as "only not Scottish by a sort of legal fiction" seems to reduce itself to the fact that his maternal grandmother was of Scottish birth. He had an admirable tutor in his uncle James, who died a curate with a very small additional living and a large family, but who seems to have been a man of originality, and, as may be gathered from his advice to his nephew when the latter also began teaching private pupils, to have known how to possess his soul in cheerfulness. But no training or teaching could have made any but a very extraordinary boy "at three years a superior reader of English," and well up in addition, subtraction, and multiplication "as far as ten" ; at four a good geographer who in familiar conversation called his throat his isthmus, and for whose mind skeleton maps were already deemed too trifling ; "at five able to read and translate Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and loving to recite Dryden, Collins, Milton, and Homer" ; at eight possessed of Italian and French, and able to astonish a pleasure-party by extemporising an address to nature and art in Latin ; and before he was ten "a student of Arabic and Sanscrit." Of course a certain amount of priggishness is inseparable from such precocity ; when still in his pinafore days he said that he ran about the garden to get an appetite for breakfast, and before he reached eleven years he furnished his sister with a report of his reading, weekday and Sunday, and desired from her a similar account of her studies. A year more and he was with all due care and thoroughness compiling a Syriac grammar ; and at the age of thirteen he might be thought to have found his destiny when he entered in his diary that he had "advanced a good deal in science," and had "made a kind of epitome of algebra in his large album."

Whether or not he had been originally destined for the Indian Civil Service, his father, before he died, seems to have left his choice of profession free, while commanding Trinity College to him as the obvious avenue to position and fame. Thither the gifted youth repaired at the age of eighteen, by which time his genius had long discovered its natural bent. Indeed the paper which contained the germ of his investigations respecting Systems of Rays—investigations that ten years later resulted in the discovery of the principle of conical refraction—was written a year before he became an undergraduate. The examination system at Trinity College, Dublin, has never, to our knowledge, been celebrated among outsiders for its perspicuousness ; but Mr. Graves has made it sufficiently clear that Hamilton's academical career was one of extraordinary brilliancy, and that, except on one occasion which there were sufficient reasons to account for, he obtained the highest distinctions in classics as well as in science. Yet already, when going up to Dublin, he had described to his sister his attention to classical studies as "an effort, and an irksome one," and his success (without precedent during the previous twenty years) in obtaining *Optima* in classics at the end of his first year was therefore all the more to his credit. In addition he twice obtained a Chancellor's prize for English verse (one of the poems is loyally reprinted by Mr. Graves in his Appendix). In mathematical work he of course carried everything before him. Thus he was a college celebrity long before he had taken his degree, and, after having presented his expanded optical essay to the Royal Irish Academy, was quietly reading at Trim for the Gold Medal in classics, that in science being a certainty for him, when he was advised to apply for the vacant Professorship of Astronomy in his University. He did so, and was unanimously elected, while still an undergraduate, at the age of twenty-one.

Hamilton's predecessor, Dr. Brinkley (afterwards Bishop of Cloyne) seems to have been elected to the chair at the age of twenty-four ; and the appointment was not at first a well-paid one, and precluded him, at all events as matters then stood, from

competing for a fellowship. In the end the duties of the Observatory proved trying to his health, and he never attained to any high eminence as a practical astronomer. Still the judgment of Mr. Graves is hardly to be gainsaid, that Hamilton chose both chivalrously and well in preferring the more arduous path in University life ; nor were his sacrifices unappreciated. Of his powers as a lecturer it is difficult to form any conception from this volume, in which Mr. Graves has confined himself to illustrations of the introductory discourses delivered by Hamilton at the opening of the session. They are pitched in a high key of poetic enthusiasm very characteristic of their author, and in a less degree also of the age to which they belong.

We need hardly say that the remainder of this volume, which only reaches as far as Hamilton's twenty-eighth year, contains the record of no striking events. It tells, in by no means excessive detail, the story of Hamilton's progress as a man of science, of which the most notable event was the theoretical discovery of conical refraction, announced to the Irish Royal Academy in October 1832, and it displays with the most liberal amplitude that other side of his nature which in Mr. Graves's opinion not so much supplemented as elevated and ennobled his powers as a scientific inquirer and thinker. Yet, if expression is the test of poetry as an art, Hamilton cannot be called a poet. Again and again Wordsworth, who certainly did not say too much in describing himself as receiving "showers of verses" from his correspondent, insisted upon the maxim that "the composition of verse is infinitely more of an art than men are prepared to believe." The stream continued to flow, and the writing of verse continued to afford relief, comfort, and consolation to his friend in all the personal troubles of life. We do not think but that there is much in Hamilton's verse which his biographer was well-judged in preserving ; much that not unworthily pictures the purity and nobility of spirit which Wordsworth seems to have perceived in him at the first glance, and that humble-mindedness which, as the great poet said, is inseparable from high and pure-mindedness. Wordsworth found the true term by which to describe Hamilton's verses when he described them as "very interesting" ; occasionally, as in that farewell to Poetry, which, like many last words, was to be followed by a good many more, a higher praise might not seem out of place :—

Spirit of Beauty ! though my life be now  
Bound to thy sister Truth by solemn vow ;  
Though I must seem to leave thy sacred hill  
Yet be thine inward influence with me still ;  
And with a constant hope inspire  
And with a never-quenched desire,  
To see the glory of your joint abode,  
The home and birthplace, by the Throne of God !

In other arts it may have been want of time only that prevented Hamilton from becoming a proficient ; for he writes of beginning to look on Nature with a painter's as well as a poet's eye, and to hope that he may "improve his present vague perception of musical harmony into one more vivid and distinct." The strong turn which his mind afterwards took towards metaphysical speculation was, for him, of comparatively late growth. In 1829 he still speaks of himself to Wordsworth as little acquainted with metaphysical writers ; two years later, when at breakfast the favourite query is started as to what the three books which must not be left behind, he adds to the Bible and Shakespeare Coleridge's *Metaphysics*, for which he afterwards substitutes Plato. To see Coleridge was for a long time the cherished desire of his heart, which he accomplished in 1832. This volume contains a few letters from Coleridge which may perhaps be thought to illustrate the saying (which curiously enough suggested itself both to Mr. de Vere and to Francis Edgeworth) that he was to be considered as a Faculty rather than as a Mind, together with a remarkable endeavour by Mr. Graves to reproduce from Hamilton's recollections the conversations of Coleridge on the idea of the Holy Trinity. Wordsworth's letters, which are more numerous, while free from that noise of the elements which seems audible even at this period of his life in Coleridge's writings, have an earthly admixture in the shape of the poet's angry political fears—fears only shared in a modified way by Hamilton, whose opinions in his earlier days seem to have savoured of a very liberal conservatism. For the rest, though the friendship with Wordsworth appears to have been the pride of his life, this volume contains the recollections of other interesting intimacies—with the Edgeworths, of whom young Francis Edgeworth here presents himself in a specially attractive light, with Mrs. Hemans, and with the De Veres. To a lady of the last-named family Hamilton contrived to lose his heart (which he had already lost twice, or perhaps we should say one and a half times, before) ; but here again the writing of verse must have unconsciously afforded a welcome relief. An acquaintance of a different kind, but one from whom his mind seems to have derived an uncommon stimulus, was the bright and sympathetic Lady Campbell, the daughter of the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald and of "Pamela"—of whom Mr. Graves furnishes a most pleasing personal reminiscence, and whose letters many readers of this volume may agree with us in thinking delightful. Lastly, it should not be left unmentioned that Hamilton was fortunate beyond the common lot of men of genius in the members of his own family, in whom he never ceased to find admiring sympathizers, and in the case of three of his sisters active fellow-labourers, though one of them, to use his own expression, in her heart "preferred the lyre to the telescope." But, like himself, she proved high-minded enough for

self-sacrifice. It is this tone of real though unassuming superiority to the vulgar aims and motives too often perceptible in the world of science, as in the rest of the world at large, which lends its real charm to this Hamilton correspondence. If its atmosphere at times seems rather overcharged with sentimentality, this is by no means the most distinctive characteristic of the early personal life of the great man who is its central figure.

## THE REAL LORD BYRON.\*

WHEN a writer of mature age and of some experience adopts such a title as *The Real Lord Byron*, it is bare justice to him to suppose that he has consciously and deliberately laid his account with its probable results. He must be as much prepared for the distaste which its flaunting arrogance will excite in the few as for the demand which may be created by its *ad captandum* pretensions among the many. He must be supposed to be confident of his power to disarm the former, as well as of his power to satisfy the latter. It is, therefore, with no little surprise that any critic who takes up Mr. Jeaffreson's book on Byron will read the account, on his second page, of the unreal Lord Byron for whom he proposes to substitute a real one. According to Mr. Jeaffreson, readers have been taught to regard the author of *Childe Harold* as a man of mysteries, whereas he was only an unsuccessful mystifier; as a stern and cruel spirit, whereas he was only an impulsive though extremely selfish sentimental; as given to habitual melancholy, whereas he was given to practical jokes; lastly, as valuing himself inordinately on his birth, whereas he was innocent of such miserable weakness. Save in one point, on which, instead of establishing his own conclusion, Mr. Jeaffreson simply establishes the case of his opponent, this real Lord Byron, who is now for the first time revealed in the year of grace 1883, is exactly the Lord Byron with whom everybody—except some very foolish and ignorant people in England and some very clever and knowing foreigners who know more about us than we know ourselves—has been perfectly familiar for at least a generation. We are quite aware that Byron was not a mystic but a mystifier, and a very unsuccessful one. We know perfectly well that he was very much nearer to Sterne than to Swift, though with all his wit he had the humour of neither. It is certainly no news to us (and in using the word "us" we include all Englishmen who have the least appreciation of literary character) that Byron was only melancholy exactly when a child is melancholy—that is to say, when he had an attack of indigestion, or had broken a toy, or had unavailingly cried for the moon. As for his *morgue*, Mr. Jeaffreson's own book quite sufficiently exposes its quality as far as facts go; and Mr. Jeaffreson's argument, that a haughty aristocrat would not have associated with persons of "inferior extraction," shows how entirely he himself has failed to grasp the real Lord Byron. It was precisely because aristocratic pride was associated in Byron with a most curious variety of what can only be called democratic vanity and snobbishness that he did associate with persons of inferior extraction. So that, as far as general conception of character goes, Mr. Jeaffreson's book may be said to be self-condemned in its first half-dozen pages. In every respect but one he "preaches to the converted," and in that respect he hopelessly fails to convert. It must be admitted that the *promissor* is in this respect rather lamentably below his *hiatus*.

But, it may be said, this is too summary a judgment. Granted that, save in one respect, Mr. Jeaffreson's real Lord Byron is not a Lord Byron new to any reasonable and tolerably well-informed being, and that, in that one respect, he is neither new nor true, the new facts which two stout volumes contain in support of these true or false hypotheses may—indeed must—be interesting. A superficial glance through the volumes may seem to confirm this plea. Mr. Jeaffreson is not more severe on the average reader than he is on the average biographer. Except Herr Elze (for whom he has an excessive but instructive veneration) and Shelley, there is scarcely one of these unhappy persons on whom he does not pour the vials of nearly unmixed contempt. Of Moore he habitually speaks with the shallow insolence (we can use no milder term) which persons of no literary power of appreciation think it allowable to use in reference to one of the most unequal and over-fluent but not of the least admirable masters of English versification and word-music. Respecting Leigh Hunt he indulges in language which some years ago would have exposed him not unjustly to a pretty strong reply from a very competent pen. Medwin is always "Poor Tom Medwin," "Unfortunate Tom Medwin," "Foolish Tom Medwin." To Trelawny he is indeed civil—a civility which, if there were room for it, might give a text for a curious study on the difference with which Mr. Jeaffreson treats gentlemen of position and birth like Trelawny and Shelley and mere "littery gents" like Hunt and Moore. But everybody else—Parry, Fletcher, Gamba, Mme. de Boissy, *e tutti quanti*—has to undergo the correction of Mr. Jeaffreson's omniscience and infallibility. This infallibility itself is very curiously supported and bolstered. Throughout his volumes Mr. Jeaffreson never once, to the best of our memory, quotes with any direct quotation, carrying with it the opportunity to verify, a single unpublished document. But from beginning to end he thrusts on the reader by innuendo and by implication his acquaintance with such

unpublished documents. "It will be found," "The facts are," and such-like phrases jostle each other on his pages. In one place he uses language which, if it means anything, means that he has, as Provost Crosbie of Dumfries would have said, "taken a keek" into the famous sealed Broughton manuscripts which are to be the literary event of the year nineteen hundred. In another, without mentioning names, but in his usual mysterious fashion, he poses as the spokesman of the living representatives of Lady Byron. Every now and then with elaborate caution he tells us that "he has not seen" a document, implying of course that in the much more numerous cases where he gives an absolute and unsupported correction of previous statements he has. Mrs. Leigh's journey to Reigate is described as if Mr. Jeaffreson had for the occasion worn the livery of Lady Byron's footman, which, however, is improbable. The result of this combination of mystery and positive assertion may possibly be imposing in the case of the guileless public. To any one who has the slightest knowledge of the laws of evidence, or who has served his apprenticeship in the craft of literary criticism, it is valueless. Every statement which Mr. Jeaffreson makes may, of course, be absolutely supported by documentary evidence sufficient to convince the *Judges in banco*. We have no intention whatever of suggesting that it is not. But until the evidence is produced, the statements have no more value than those of a novel. If biographical and historical credence is to be given to a man who not only does not produce his authority, but does not even specify it; who does not say I find this statement in such-and-such a letter *penes* So-and-so, and this refutation in such-and-such an entry in such-and-such a journal, but contents himself with assuring us that of his private knowledge and esoteric information such-and-such a fact is so, such-and-such a statement not so, then criticism may as well shut up shop, and "l'art de vérifier les dates et les documents" may peacefully depart to join its forerunners—the many lost and unregretted arts of past civilizations. For ourselves we accept Mr. Jeaffreson's statements with all the politeness due to him. They do not often seem to us very important; they do not always seem to us very interesting. But in the form and with the justification, or rather the absence of it, with which they are now presented, we decline to discuss them in detail at all. The critic, like the doctor or the lawyer, has a professional etiquette which is not the less binding because unluckily there is not in this case, as in the others, any sanction to enforce it. When Mr. Jeaffreson complies with that etiquette, when he calendaris his documents, gives us their text, mentions their present place of abode, and accounts for his access to them, we shall be very happy to examine them according to the rules of art. Meanwhile we decline to do so, and can only console the disappointed reader by assuring him that, except in minor details, they are really but of little moment. There is one exception to this in the case of the separation, which Mr. Jeaffreson holds to have been determined in Lady Byron's mind, not by the matters of which she afterwards spoke to Mrs. Stowe, but by the discovery of a *liaison* then actually existing with Claire Clermont. This is a matter not without interest; but, in the absence of properly produced proofs, we discuss it no further.

It is seldom, however, that a writer, even though he may wrap himself in a coat of darkness and stick to safe, because unsupported, and therefore uncontradictable, assertion, fails to give some clue to what is really as important as his honesty—namely, his power of judgment. We have not the least suspicion of Mr. Jeaffreson's honesty; he has given us much foundation for suspicion of his power of judgment. It is one of Mr. Jeaffreson's principles that Byron, in his conversations with Medwin, was purposely "baunting unfortunate Tom." Mr. Jeaffreson is kind enough to explain the meaning of the word "to bam," and (after one of the worst habits of Dickens) to keep us reminded of his explanation by never mentioning Medwin without a repetition of the statement that Byron was "baunting." Here, however, is a sample of Mr. Jeaffreson's dealings with poor Tom's bams. "If Medwin's book may be trusted, and in such matter the Conversations are trustworthy in some degree, Jeffrey disclaimed the authorship of the *Hours of Idleness* review, in so far as he could do so with dignity, by assuring Byron in confidence that, though responsible for the deed, he was not its doer. That Jeffrey ever promised in the manner alleged in the Conversations to put Byron in a way to discover the aggressor is more than improbable." Here are two statements for which, according to Mr. Jeaffreson, Medwin is responsible in one context. Mr. Jeaffreson, without producing, or even alleging, any subsidiary evidence, accepts one part as trustworthy and declines the other as improbable. It does not matter whether on *a priori* grounds one may agree with him or not; it must be clear to the student of evidence that he has fallen into the mistake into which all incapable students of evidence do fall—the error of accepting or rejecting at his good pleasure statements which have exactly the same initial validity. One other instance of Mr. Jeaffreson's faculty on the Bench. He devotes an inordinately long argument to show that, though Byron's Venetian debauchery has been rather under than over-stated, the Countess Guiccioli had in no sense the saving effect upon him which on Moore's authority and her own is generally set to the rather meagre credit side of her account. We do not think him very successful; but that is a small matter. The important matter lies in these words of his own:—"It is dismally significant of his [Byron's] inability to withhold himself from a particular form of sensuality that he entreated Shelley to save him in the Guiccioli's absence from falling back into his evil mode of life." That is to

say, in Mr. Jeaffreson's opinion the Guiccioli was not Byron's saviour from an evil mode of life, and in Byron's own words, accepted by Mr. Jeaffreson, she was. Probably this will suffice for Mr. Jeaffreson's logical faculty. As to the vices of style in his book, one of the most characteristic may be exemplified from the passage where, having discovered that in their brief period of happiness together, Byron, his wife, and his sister addressed each other familiarly as "Duck," "Pippin," and "Goose," Mr. Jeaffreson with a fine archness transfers these names bodily, without inverted commas or other ceremony, to his text. "Pippin was a truly happy wife," "She declared her purpose of writing to Goose," &c. This will perhaps suffice as far as Mr. Jeaffreson's literary taste is concerned. Of this and of his faculty of judging evidence it is safe to say *non existent*; of the accuracy of his facts we can only say *non appare*, without in the least denying its possible existence.

## GHOSE'S INDIAN RAJAS.\*

INDIAN libraries and record rooms are crammed with official and semi-official reports about native States, influential Talookdars, and village communities rescued from anarchy or oppression by the strong arm of the district officer. Particulars of the rent-roll of a landholder or of the intricacies of the Byachara tenure can be had in dozens of offices. But it has often been felt that something more is necessary. We want compendious histories or particulars of native gentlemen who have themselves attained distinction and contributed to the elevation of their own race; something, in short, not very dissimilar to "County Histories," or the "Landed Gentry," or the "Peerage," or a "Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes." Sir Lepel Griffin has compiled an excellent account of the chiefs of the Punjab, and incidental notices of Rajas and Nawabs are scattered up and down the statistical volumes of Mr. Hunter. Nearly twenty years ago a member of the Bengal Civil Service suggested to the late Prasanno Kumar Tagore, C.S.I., the preparation of a history of the most prominent Zemindars of Bengal and Behar; but, from one cause or another, the project was never carried out. The two volumes before us have in part supplied that omission. They are however very unequal in merit. The first part was the result of the Imperial Proclamation at Delhi, and it purports to be "a geographical, statistical, historical, and political account of every native State in India." We are compelled to say that this volume is little more than an abstract of Sir C. Aitchison's Treaties extending to seven or eight volumes, with the continuation by Lieutenant Talbot. It is very inferior to Colonel Malleson's similar work on the Native States of India. In spite of "valuable information" furnished by a whole string of Princes—from Holkar and Pattiāla down to the Rao of Bhor and the Thakur of Durria—there is nothing either novel or striking in any of these family records. It was hardly necessary to tell us that at Jaipur or Jyepore the Prince of Wales was so fortunate as to kill a tigress eight feet and four inches long—we are glad the size was not exaggerated—or that Chota Lall Khushal, like the late Mr. Bardell, is enjoying the esteem and confidence of his sovereign the Maharawal of Dungapoor, in the responsible situation of "officiating Head Clerk." It is more to the point to note that the Maharaja of Dhenkanal, a Tributary State in Orissa, was the first to induce a wild tribe called Patuahs to wear clothes, by the practical distribution of thousands and thousands of suits of apparel for both sexes. But we doubt if any reader will derive any clear notion from this book as to the exact position, rights, and liabilities of what are called, some four or five times over, "Mediatized and Minor States." Full information on these appellations is to be had in Malcolm's Account of Malwa and Aitchison's Treaties, and we subjoin an explanation abbreviated from the latter work. At the close of the Mahratta and Pindarie campaigns of 1817 the whole of Central India was thoroughly disorganized. Intercourse and traffic had entirely ceased. Petty chiefs, ousted from their possessions, had taken to the hills and jungles, and levied contributions from any villages on which they could lay hands. The more powerful princes, powerless to put down these outrages or reprisals, were compelled to purchase the good will of these Highland Caterans by granting them what are termed *Tankhwahs*, or assignments of revenue, "on condition of abstinence from plunder and aggression." Of course such a state of things was unendurable, and the British Government resolved "to declare the permanency of the rights existing at the time of the British occupancy, on condition of the maintenance of order, to adjust and guarantee the relations of such chiefs as owed mere fealty or tribute, so as to deprive the stronger powers of all pretext for interference in their affairs, and to induce the plundering leaders to betake themselves to peaceful pursuits, either by requiring their feudal superiors to grant them lands under British guarantee, or by guaranteeing them payments equivalent to the *Tankhwah* which they levied." In other words, the Governor-General interfered with a high hand to put down lawlessness, to restore peace and traffic, to prevent the minor States from assuming undue independence, and the Suzerains, on the other hand, from annexing or swallowing up the

minor States. The Suzerains, we should just state, are such Princes as Indore and Gwalior. The smaller feudatories may be numbered by scores and even hundreds. It is the business of the able representatives of a truly Imperial and pacific policy, our Residents and Political Agents, to insist that both parties shall keep within their own limits and observe their respective pledges. It is not their business to talk high-flown nonsense in durbar, to clothe folly in sententious maxims, or to give free scope to "the national aspirations" for plunder, anarchy, and greed.

We doubt very much if a respectable and well-educated Bengali gentleman is by position or training at all fitted for the compilation of family histories of the more warlike adventurers or nobles of Upper and Central India. We can hardly fancy a long history of the Highland chiefs before 1745 from the pen of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, though his sketch of his bare-kneed kinsfolk was graphic and faithful. The author is much more at home in his second volume, in which large and prominent spaces are allotted to the native aristocracy and gentry of the whole of the Lower Provinces; and we can fairly say that, after due allowance for a little venial exaltation of social and domestic qualities, we find little to censure in the narratives of men who, either from position, character, or education, have done a fair amount of good in their day, and have justified those statesmen and administrators who from the time of Lord William Bentinck have advocated native claims and utilized native agency. We shall take specimens of the various classes. In the preface the downfall or decay of many of the powerful Zemindars is, with equal candour and justice, attributed to three main causes. The first is the equal partition of landed property under the Hindu law. The second is profuse expenditure on religious and ceremonial acts, marriages, *Pujas*, and works of benevolence. Some men, too, may have become involved by standing security for their friends. But the third and most destructive agency is the frequency of litigation. The value of the work would have been much enhanced by short abstracts of celebrated law suits, fought out with the utmost acrimony and handed over by the litigants to their heirs and successors in every court in the country, with the ultimate appeal to the Privy Council. It would have entailed no great labour on the author if he had told us the main points in law suits affecting the Rajas of Shosbong and Nattore, or the history of the audacious claimant to the Burdwan Raj, or the contention which lasted for nearly twenty years between the two branches of the Narail family. And it must not be forgotten that some estates, ruled by the custom of primogeniture, have, from one cause or another, descended even lower in the social scale than those cut up into fractional shares of so many annas and pice. Let us take, as an example, the Bishnupore family in the district of Bancoraa. Its antiquity is indisputable. It has an era of its own recognized in legal and public documents. The fort in extent, though not perhaps in solidity, might equal Bhurtpore or Deeg. But beyond two or three characteristic legends we hear little of the real family history; dates are wanting, and there is no attempt to describe what is really a very striking and picturesque scene. Situated in an undulating country where cultivation has not yet displaced the primeval forest, the ruined fortifications still cover acres, and show three distinct lines. The retainers of the Raja talk vaguely of a fourth and outer wall, sixteen miles in circumference. In some places the moat is still filled with water. The chief gateway is perfect, but of three temples, built severally 400, 200, and 100 years ago, only one is kept up, covered with recent whitewash. Figures of men fiddling, beating drums, and making obeisances are still perfect in all the Hindu profusion of detail. One block of masonry, hollow inside and quite inaccessible except by ladder, is said to have supplied fountains and jets d'eau in prosperous times. Outside the fort is a splendid lake; not a rushy unhealthy swamp, but a sheet of water fringed with trees. An island in the centre had once an elegant summer-house. The present incumbent of this decayed Raj can count fifty-eight predecessors, and go back 1,100 years. When we first took the country the amount of his tribute was very large. These particulars are taken from a manuscript written after a visit to the fort and palace only eighteen years ago. Bishnupore is just fifty miles from the railway station at Ramgunge, which itself is six hours from Calcutta; and a couple of days spent in a trip to the fort, the bazaar containing one thousand houses, and the local silk manufactures, would have enabled the compiler to put a little life and distinctiveness into his description of what is one of the sights of Lower Bengal. In like manner the account of Burdwan might have been enlivened by some description of the menagerie of the Maharaja, the magnificent reservoirs with their ghauts, the orchards and pleasure grounds and summerhouses. The possessor of this fair estate, a young man, is credited with a rent-roll of 200,000*l.* a year, collected by a simple and easy process half yearly, from a set of sub-infeudations termed *puttanis*, and he may fairly lay claim to the title of the "first native nobleman in Bengal." He is one of the few native gentlemen in British territory who are entitled to a salute; that honour being usually reserved to feudatory and tributary princes, who are allowed some independence as long as they behave decently.

We shall now turn to Bengalis who have distinguished themselves in literature, politics, or commerce, without the advantages of feudalism and land. Raja Radha Kant Deb was perhaps the most conspicuous figure in the whole Hindu community of Lower Bengal. He was the head of the old orthodox school, a profound Sanskrit scholar, and the author of the Dictionary in eight volumes, well known to proficients in that language as the

\* *The Modern History of the Indian Chiefs, Rajas, Zemindars, &c.* Parts I. and II., with Appendices. By Loknath Ghose, Honorary Registrar Bengal Music School, Member of the Family Literary Club, Author of "Victoria Statika: a Sanskrit Hymn-book, in honour of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen." Calcutta: Presidency Press. 1879-1881.

*Shabda-Kalpa-drama*, literally "the tree yielding all desired words." Yet for all his deep learning and strict orthodoxy the cause of English literature, female education, and vernacular schools had no warmer or more consistent advocate; and at the parties of Government House, from the days of Bishop Heber to those of Lord Dalhousie and Lord Canning and Lord Lawrence, the simple white attire of the venerable Sir Radha Kant was a striking contrast to that of Nawabs and Rajas arrayed in dresses glittering with uncut emeralds or stiff with brocades. The directions given by this excellent and patriotic gentleman, who died at Brindaban near Muttra, at the age of eighty-four, in the full possession of his faculties, are quite worth repeating here. The Raja was fully aware that his end was nigh, and he gave minute directions as to the length of his funeral pile, the particular words to be used, and the whole ceremony of cremation. The fire was to be put out when the corpse had been reduced to one *seer* or two pounds weight. One portion was then to be given to the tortoises, not turtles as in the original; a second was to be thrown into the river Jumna; and the third was to be buried deep in the ground at Brindaban itself. Stretched on a bed of *Tulsi* leaves, with a rosary in his hand and a religious emblem at his head, the Raja passed away like an old philosopher who, according to his lights, had been earnestly seeking for truth; but the effect of this description is slightly marred by an incomprehensible reference to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which is said to have called the Raja "a Roman Catholic amongst Hindoos." A comparison with Seneca or Marcus Aurelius would have been more to the point. It is creditable to the compiler that no religious antipathy affects his sketch of the late Nawab Amir Ali. This title, we should state, was one conferred very recently by the British Government, and it has no connexion with titular sovereignty or palatial intrigues. Amir Ali was a capital Persian scholar, a fluent advocate, and in point of address, bearing, and manners one of the best bred natives we ever met. His valuable services at Patna during the Mutiny, whither from his local knowledge and influence with the Mohammedans he was deputed as personal assistant to the Special Commissioner, the late Mr. E. A. Samuels, are well known and were properly rewarded by the Government.

There are divers other personages whom we can only just mention. None of them, of course, had the ability or the chance to influence Indian politics possessed by Sir Salar Jung or Denkur Rao, nor was their loyalty ever practically strained and tested like that of the Maharaja of Bulrampore and some other of the Talookdars of Oudh. But there is Haro Chandra Ghose, of whom, in Macaulay's language, it might have been said that, wide as the almost universal taint had spread amongst native judges in a past generation, his hands were clean. There is Sambunath Pundit, the Kashmiri Brahman, the first native ever raised to the Bench of the High Court; Dwarkanath Mittra, the second; and Anukul Chandra Mukarji, the third native who ever achieved a similar distinction. To the memory of the last-named gentleman justice was not done by a very silly and ill-judged biography, noticed in our columns some years back. Nor must we forget Ishwar Chandra Vidya Sagar, known as a ripe Sanskrit scholar and a writer of many useful Bengali standard works. His main distinction however is that without him English statesmen would scarcely have ventured to pass the Act for the remarriage of child-widows; and he is known to have openly denounced the evils of Kulin polygamy. We have rarely met a native of the Lower Provinces possessed of such genuine independence of character or, what is rarer still, of so keen a sense of humour. We have no room for mention of divers Zamindars and merchants and of the Tagore family and its many enlightened and loyal members. The Rani Surnomayi, of Cossimbazaar, who is a member of the order of the Imperial Crown, is the widow of a native gentleman who was the great-grandson of Kanto Baboo the celebrated Dewan of Warren Hastings. Mr. Marshman used to relate how this ancestor accumulated wealth sufficient to spend nine lacks of rupees on the *sraaddha* or sacrificial supper of his deceased mother. If we may conclude with a word of advice, the author should reflect before hazarding the remark that Sir William Jones had only just obtained "a superficial knowledge of Sanskrit." Jones was not a scholar like Colebrooke, Max Müller, or Monier Williams; but we suspect that, like Dr. Johnson and his Greek, Jones had forgotten more Sanskrit than many other students are ever likely to know. And, if the author will confine himself to the Lower Provinces—Bengal, Behar, and Orissa—visit divers Rajbaris or seats of native gentlemen, use his eyes and ears, and recast some of his notices, he may yet turn out a better edition which shall take rank as a book of reference for Englishmen connected with that part of the Empire by official or commercial ties.

## NO NEW THING.\*

WE are constrained to remark that *No New Thing* is one of the longest novels we have ever read. It is long actually, but it is still longer relatively. It does not run to so many volumes as *Sir Charles Grandison*, nor is it altogether so tedious; but then life goes more quickly now than in Richardson's days, nor can Mr. Norris boast of Richardson's genius. His story might have passed muster well enough had he kept it within reasonable limits; it is

neither better nor worse than scores of others of average merit which flutter through an ephemeral existence and have a certain *succès d'estime*. But then the authors of these ephemera generally seem glad to get to the end of their books, a feeling in which their readers can often sympathize with them; while Mr. Norris, on the contrary, goes dawdling on his way, and appears to take a languid pleasure in trifling with our growing impatience. A problem which excites us more than his plot is to understand how he should have got up the enthusiasm necessary for such an effort of sustained perseverance, since he can hardly have been hopeful of an adequate reward in the shape of popular approbation; though, indeed, if our endurance had been less sorely tried, we should have been half disarmed by the modest self-depreciation of some of the sentences of the preliminary chapter, and there is no denying the appropriateness of his title. If there is nothing that is new anywhere under the sun, certainly there is nothing new in this novel, either in incident, or characters, or in moral reflections. After a casual reference to the unsatisfactory experiences of King Solomon, and after considerable expansion of the cynical conclusions of the sage, Mr. Norris goes on, "And so, when a small novelist of the nineteenth century takes up his pen to describe, within the limits of his small capacity, that infinitesimal section of humanity which has come under his own observation, no one, surely—except a very unreasonable person—will expect his work to be novel in anything save the name." We believe that we are not very unreasonable; we are sure that if we ever looked for much novelty in novels, many depressing experiences must have disillusioned us long ago; but we do expect a certain freshness of treatment, or, failing that, a commendable brevity. Now *No New Thing* is by no means very bad—in that case we might have found some kind of entertainment in it—it strikes us as simply "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." It has little of a beginning and less of an end; and it stagnates in repetitions and reiterations through its slow and sinuous course.

None of the characters seem to know their own minds; all are by nature plastic and feeble; and many of them are the reflections of former creations with which genius has made us familiar. We first make the acquaintance of a good-looking military gentleman, who is travelling down from London to the country on important business. Captain Kenyon would seem to be a man of some decision, from the promptness with which he tips the guard, on the understanding that a smoking carriage is to be locked up for him. But we must give the author credit for a highly suggestive touch when he depicts his hero as perpetually tugging at a long and drooping moustache. In fact, as we see him already, Kenyon is a victim of perplexities, and so he remains to the end of the interminable chapters. He is a Dobbin who has been doggedly in love with an Amelia, and he has sought for privacy in the meantime, that his mind may go wool-gathering over his chances. A friend has died, leaving a handsome young widow with an income of 15,000/- per annum, and Captain Kenyon is on duty as trustee and executor. The deceased Jack Stanniforth was very like George Osborn; at least his widow had as little reason to devote herself to his memory. But Mrs. Stanniforth is one of those clinging women who long for nothing so much as somebody to twine their tendrils round. Of course it would have been indecent and premature to speak of a second marriage to the bereaved one in the circumstances; but had Kenyon been a dashing strategist he would have opened his approaches, since the disconsolate widow gives him every opportunity. She welcomes him fondly as a friend; she takes him straightway into her innermost confidence; she appeals unconsciously through her tears to his chivalrous affection. But Captain Kenyon, who is a man of sterling worth and irreproachable propriety of demeanour, provokes us with his hesitations and his superfine delicacy. Had he simply known how to put his advantages to the best account, he might have mastered her at once; but he passively stands back and looks on while she drifts steadily toward unhappiness. Margaret Stanniforth is weak as water. She suffers herself to slip back into the clutches of her match-making and grasping old mother, who comes with an unmarried daughter to take up her quarters at Longbourne. Kenyon, like Dobbin, is sent on service to India; while Margaret, being left to her own devices, perpetrates all manner of innocent follies, and even goes the length of embarrassing her ample income. The chief of these follies is the adoption of an Italian child, whom she has picked up in one of the wintering places on the Riviera. Filippo Marescalchi—Filippo being Anglicized into Philip—is as unsatisfactory a *protégé* as any suffering saint could desire, and as improbable a character as any novelist could perpetrate. The silent Kenyon, quick-sighted for once, his eyes being probably opened by jealousy, has seen instinctively from the first that the foreign youth is an impostor. That he should impose upon Mrs. Stanniforth is only natural, as she was evidently born and predestined to be victimized. But, although his weaknesses and even his vices are patent enough, Marescalchi contrives to make himself an almost universal favourite, in spite of inveterate insular prejudice against musical Italians. At school and college he becomes the bosom friend of his neighbour and playmate, Walter Brune, a manly and rather stupid young Englishman of the genuine type. Possibly Walter's natural dulness may explain the attraction; otherwise it is difficult to conceive that the straightforward young athlete should have been attracted to a womanlike and dissipated aesthetic. That Philip should have touched the heart of Walter's pretty sister seems to be still more

\* *No New Thing*. By W. E. Norris, Author of "Matrimony" &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

unaccountable. For Nelly Brune, who is the lightest and best character in the book, is an exceedingly shrewd and sensible young woman. But the inconsistencies in Philip's nature and conduct do not end there. He is selfish, calculating, scheming, and self-seeking. He draws freely on the bank account of his foster-mother, whom he familiarly styles "Meg," and as his expectations depend entirely on her will, he is the very man to make a marriage of which she might approve. "Meg" would gladly see him married to Miss Brune, and so far as he can love at all he has undoubtedly been in love with that young lady. He shows as much subsequently when circumstances leave him free again. But in the meantime, Mr. Marescalchi has been betrayed into a folly which is altogether revolting to our conceptions of his idiosyncrasy. The only excuse for him, speaking artistically, is that he has never been accustomed to deny himself any indulgence. Finding that she is not to be secured on any easier terms, he makes a runaway match with a pastrycook's daughter. The whole episode is absurd and incredible on the face of it. Granting that Philip was the man to gratify a passing fancy at such a cost, he must have sickened of his vulgar little beauty in a fortnight; for if he prided himself upon anything, it was on his fastidious refinement. But he goes on loving her in his fashion till set at liberty by her death, although he must live in an atmosphere of debt and humiliating mystifications, for among his other accomplishments he is an inveterate gambler. To ask us to believe that he succeeded in keeping his secret is a comparative trifle, though, considering that he mixed promiscuously in all sorts of society in town, there is something audacious in assigning him a *ménage* in Conduit Street. Mr. Marescalchi's end is appropriate, though it is a significant commentary on the dense stupidity of the friends who had so firmly and fondly believed in him. Being naturally thrown over by Nelly Brune, to whom he had engaged himself, on the revelation of that awkward little matrimonial interlude of his, he sells himself subsequently to stout and elderly star of the opera, to whom he had been previously indebted for pecuniary assistance. The full-blown siren is content with her unsatisfactory bargain; for Philip, knowing "on which side his bread is buttered," shows her every decent outward observance; and after refusing to visit his adopted mother on her death-bed, he takes his wife on a visit to Margaret Stanniforth's tomb, where he scarcely breathes one sigh of regretful gratitude.

From the last sentence it will be perceived that the novel has a melancholy *dénouement*, so far as the loves of Margaret Stanniforth and Hugh Kenyon are concerned. Hugh has not had the resolution to assert himself at the last moment like Colonel Dobbin; and Margaret fades away and dies of a lingering decay, for want of the welcome protection he might have forced upon her. To hear of the veteran paying periodical visits to the grave he had helped to dig, and strewing flowers over it, is a very fitting termination to his purposeless career. And Mrs. Stanniforth's unwedded sister resembles her in every respect. One and the other have been wax in the hands of the worldly-minded old mother. Edith Winnington is united at last to Walter Brune, and we can only wish the young man joy of his bargain. She is pretty, and that is the most that can be said for her. A less heroic second heroine can hardly be imagined. She has always liked Walter; it would be absurd to say that she had loved him. She lets him caress and cajole her into an engagement, which she retracts at the first menaces of her mother. Then, had he not been infected by the folly that is in the very atmosphere of the story, his eyes would have been opened once for all, and he would have renounced the hopeless attempt of striking sparks from an iceberg. It would have been well for him, according to our ideas, had he continued penniless and prospectless a little longer. But by an unlucky chance a fortune is left him; whereupon old Mrs. Winnington shifts round like a weathercock with a change of wind, and the dutiful daughter is ready to accept the lover to whom she had as dutifully given a summary dismissal. According to Mr. Norris, all is well that ends well; and Walter is much to be congratulated on being united to the weakest of brides and the most mercenary of all possible mothers-in-law. Take them all in all, perhaps the most pleasing couple in the book are Tom Stanniforth and Nelly Brune, who, after more than the average amount of vacillation on one side and the other, are ultimately "joined together," as Captain Cuttle would say, "in the House of Bondage." Tom Stanniforth is a millionaire and a Radical, and is supposed to be a genuinely good fellow besides, who makes friends wherever he goes. He is petted by ladies of distinction and leaders of fashion, who forgive his comparatively humble extraction on the score of his enormous wealth; he is tapped familiarly on the shoulder by royal dukes; and, while his honest bluntness decidedly prepossesses us in his favour, he behaves in all circumstances with extreme generosity. As for Nelly Brune, she is very nice indeed; a spirited English girl who can speak up for herself, as she can sit a troublesome horse across fences in the hunting-field; and, though she cannot altogether escape the enervating atmosphere which envelopes her, Mr. Norris would have done better had he thrust her more to the front of his story. The worst of it is that her relative decision of character throws the people who are grouped around her into still deeper shade.

## JAPAN, ITS ART AND ART MANUFACTURES.\*

DR. DRESSER apologizes in his preface for adding another to the already numerous list of books on Japan. His excuse, if any were needed, is a valid one. He is a specialist, he pleads; and for that reason alone does he submit this volume to the public. The observations of an expert are of such incalculable value in comparison with the mere ignorant descriptions of a traveller, however intelligent he or she may be, that one welcomes even a dull book if it contains the information sought for. A double debt of gratitude is due when the information, as in the present case, is also enticing and amusing reading. Dr. Dresser has had peculiar facilities accorded to him for studying the architecture of the country, having been allowed by the Government to see some of the sacred shrines from which Europeans have hitherto been rigidly excluded. The accounts he gives of the various methods employed by the Japanese in printing, painting, and dyeing impart a new interest to every fan or piece of silk hung in a shop-window, for we know from his minute descriptions the processes by which they have been coloured and designed, and this knowledge doubles their value.

The Japanese have a great advantage over European nations in being obliged from infancy to learn the use of a brush. Their alphabet is in fact a series of exercises in free-hand drawing. Not only is it composed of an immense number of complicated devices, but thousands of characters borrowed from the Chinese are in daily use. A boy who can write a letter has already unconsciously acquired the precision of touch of a trained European artist. In writing the paper is laid on the left hand, instead of a desk, as is the custom also with the Arabs. Facility of motion is thus acquired alike for shoulder, elbow, and wrist. Then, too, the paper is of a peculiar quality, which at once absorbs the ink, and it requires great precision of touch to produce an even outline. This early training and practice accounts for the marvellous dexterity which shows itself in the commonest and roughest piece of decoration. There is always a certain freedom of touch rarely acquired by our best artists. Dr. Dresser gives an interesting account of a treat prepared for him by Sir Henry Parkes. Five of the most celebrated native draughtsmen were invited to the Embassy for the purpose of practically exhibiting their method of working. In the middle of the room was spread a breadth of felt, on which was placed a piece of paper, held down by weights. Each competitor had a long slender piece of charcoal in a bamboo holder, some broad flat brushes of deer's hair, and round ones made of vegetable fibre. On a slab was a quantity of Indian ink. The first artist came forward, bowed, and knelt down before his paper, considering it attentively for a minute or two. He then made a few almost imperceptible dots with the charcoal point, and with a flat brush full of Indian ink formed a large irregular mass in the centre, and with a smaller brush a few feathers and the end of a pendent branch. Then, beginning at the top of the paper, he worked downwards, and in a quarter of an hour produced an admirable representation of a cock and hen and the branch of a tree. The body of the hen was skilfully left out in the painting, so that it was formed merely of the uncoloured paper; but against the dark background, and with a few touches to indicate feathers, it was entirely satisfactory and thoroughly decorative. A flower-painter next made his bow and knelt down. He, too, began with a few dots to guide him in the disposal of his masses. Taking a large brush full of green pigment, he made one leaf with each sweep, varying the shades in the different leaves, but each leaf being of an even colour. With another brush he formed a peony flower, shading it by merely putting a little water on quickly before the red was absorbed. The colours of his palette were indigo, gamboge, crimson lake, and red earth. The Japanese attach much importance to the art of composition, and always carefully arrange in their mind's eye before beginning any design exactly how they will produce balance without uniformity. One of the fair sex next tried her skill. She was flower-painter to the Empress, and chose as her subject a simple little plant resembling our winter aconite. It was represented as if done up for sale with the root and a piece of paper round it. The fourth competitor took one of his broad flat brushes, dipped it in water, and squeezed it nearly dry. He then made it take the form of a crescent, and dipped the middle part in a dark solution of Indian ink, leaving the outside of a lighter shade. A few hairs were separated at one side and dipped in the darkest shade. By a dextrous movement the artist produced at a stroke the shaded body of a duck and an outline. Afterwards he added the neck, head, feet, and tail feathers, and a flying duck was the result. Another expert used his brush in a similar manner, producing a train of rats and a background. The bodies of the rats were left out, as in the case of the hen; but there was no doubt what animals they were intended for, though the delineation was done in this apparently haphazard manner. It is wonderful how the Japanese can make their animals live and move. Their birds really peck, or fly, or stand, or strike their prey. The fishes swim and wag their tails. The insects creep, or eat, or sun themselves. There is no mistaking what they are intended to be doing. It is curious that the stork, which forms such a universal subject for design, is by no means a common bird. Perhaps in ancient times they existed in great numbers, and thus the power to draw them in every conceivable position is inherited.

\* *Japan; its Architecture, Art, and Art Manufactures.* By Christopher Dresser, Ph.D., F.L.S. London: Longmans & Co.

Dr. Dresser dwells much on the "style" which a certain angularity always to be found in Japanese drawings gives to the work. An indescribable vigour and life is produced which a continuous succession of rounded outlines fails to attain. This is especially the case in any representation of native drapery. One excellent illustration is given (page 317). It is no uncommon amusement with Japanese artists to place some simple device on a piece of paper, and then ask one of the company to produce a design which shall make it an unobtrusive part of the picture. This sort of game often lasts the whole evening, and displays the ready ingenuity of the company, who pride themselves on their versatility and quickness. Hitherto it is in sketches alone that the Japanese excel every other nation. Their attempts at what we call finished pictures are strangely unsuccessful.

The means employed for figuring fabrics would, to our mechanical manufacturers, appear so ridiculously primitive and roundabout as to be only worth the notice of a laugh. Yet these fabrics have the subtle charm of handwork denied to our correctly printed designs. No doubt our machines are marvels of scientific adjustment; but in the commonest Japanese cotton, the tiresome uniformity we studiously aim at is on principle avoided. Stencilling is largely employed, and in a great variety of ways and variations of manner. A printer will cut out a series of leaves in paper, and lay them on his material, then bury them by means of a trowel in a sort of thick "resist." The leaves are afterwards carefully removed with a pin, and when the "resist" is dry, the fabric can be put in the dye-vat, and the leaves made of their natural colour. One of the most curious processes to watch is when the artist employs a sort of bird-lime, instead of thread, to outline his designs. He takes a small piece of this glutinous mixture on a skewer, touches the point where he wishes to begin, and then draws out a thread of convenient length. Placing the middle finger of the left hand under the fabric, he can let the ductile thread drop on any part of the stuff, and so go on forming the design even to such minute details as the stamens of flowers. This sticky substance can be drawn out to any length, like candy sugar, and kept an even thickness if necessary. When it is desirable to increase the breadth of the lines, a conical tube of oiled paper filled with the mucilage is used, from which a wider thread can be gradually dropped along. When the outline is finished, the colours are added. The fabric is then steamed, and the outline removed by being rinsed in fresh water. If the ground is to be dyed, the paintings are covered with a "resist" before immersion. In pieces of silk, no matter what length, and even where the pattern is repeated, the outlines are done by hand.

With regard to woven fabrics, they are produced in wonderful beauty and variety of pattern, without any but the simplest contrivances. The "draw-boy," whom Jacquard made unnecessary in this country, still sits aloft in Japan, and raises the strings of the loom as the pattern requires to be changed. Dr. Dresser seems rather puzzled at the quantity of rich fabrics he has seen manufactured which he never found used by the inhabitants except to throw over a present when sent as an offering. Curtains are not put up in houses, the furniture needs no upholstering, and in few cases do the ladies wear much brilliant colour—only a little in the sash, round the neck, and perhaps a bow in the hair. Good taste decrees that the foundation of the dress should be of a neutral tint, although on great occasions a magnificent robe may be worn, such as he describes at a reception given at the Embassy, or in the palace of the Mikado. In many cases embroidery is skilfully used to heighten the effect of either printed or painted pieces of silk, delightful effects being attained by spots of bright colour here and there to form the petals of a flower or to give a sheen to clouds. The way in which white silk crape is sometimes manipulated is ingenious. It is a process practised all over the East. The fabric is tied into little tufts at short regular intervals, and the tufts wrapped round with waxed thread. The stuff is then dyed. When the tufts are undone we have a regular shaded pattern all over, with the original tint left where the waxed thread protected it from the dye. The surface is also covered with little conical eminences, and the whole effect much admired by the natives for scarfs and sashes. Common cotton cloths are treated in a similar manner, but stretched flat when finished, and are then seen to be covered with irregular star-shaped figures.

Dr. Dresser was greatly surprised at the number of buildings of great architectural beauty which he saw. Certainly some of the elaborate designs he reproduces are astonishingly rich in decoration; and, when one considers that colour is perhaps their chief charm, it is hard to imagine how splendid the realities must be. The shrine of Nikko is very fully described. It is on the side of a hill. The temple enclosure is divided into separate courts of buildings rising one above the other until they reach the holy of holies. Then there is the stable for the sacred horse to be admired, the water-tank under a canopy, and small pagodas shrouded in masses of coniferous trees. Every detail is worthy of notice. At every point are priceless carvings and bronze enrichments. The diaper work seems to be almost supernatural in its wonders, and the elaborate brackets give an endless variety of outline. Harmoniously rich colour casts a glow over every part, and it is evident that no passing visitor can form any adequate idea of the invention lavished on the details. There are cloisters and balconies, elaborate ceilings and matchless shrines. Altogether the description makes one long at any cost to stand, if only for one day, in those temple courts. No particular rules of proportion appear to be observed in the great buildings. Natural instinct seems to enable the designers to produce a satisfactory relation between the different parts and to take subtle advantage of the natural situation or point of view.

It would be difficult to praise too highly the illustrations of this delightful book. Once is not enough to look at them. A great temptation arises to cut the pictures out of the letterpress and stick them about a room where they may be all seen at once. Both Mr. Hundleby who has drawn the illustrations on wood, and Mr. G. Pearson who has cut the blocks, deserve to be congratulated on the result of their painstaking labours. It is no easy task to reproduce Japanese drawings in this masterly manner. There is endless variety in the subjects. Fig. 120 is a copy used for teaching the drawing of the bamboo, and most instructive it is. Joints, trunk, root, branches, single leaves, leaves in a spray, are all distinctly given in a plate four inches by two and a half. We should like to see the best student at South Kensington copy it without losing the quality of the bold yet minute touches. Fig. 138 is a perfect spray of flowers; 142, a fine tangle of vetch in blossom; 128, cranes in every possible variety of twist; each one of the forty has a different attitude and expression.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE Baltic provinces of Russia (1) deserve more attention from the rest of Europe than they are accustomed to receive. A fire has long been smouldering in them which may continue to smoulder while it suits the purpose of no statesman to blow it up into a conflagration, but which a Bismarck or an Ignatief might at any time make as dangerous to European peace as any of the questions engendered from the strifes of contending nationalities. Some years ago the conflict lay merely between the German element of the population and the Russian bureaucracy, and related solely to the alleged encroachments of the latter on the civil and religious liberties of the former. Now the Lettish peasant element, instigated without doubt by Russian intrigue, is beginning to assert itself, and a prospect of agrarian disturbance and possible massacre is opened up in the highest degree unwelcome to the affluent, civilized, but numerically far inferior Germans. The alarm of our anonymous author, whom, however, we have often met before, is conspicuous and almost ludicrous. He calls out for measures of repression against the Lettish press which he would denounce as intolerable tyranny if applied to the German; and gravely accuses the young Lettish poets and men of letters of seeking to lead their countrymen back to heathenism, that they may become wicked enough to expel the Germans—a deed of which no Christian could be capable. With every allowance for exaggeration, the situation is certainly a very uneasy one, and may at any time pass beyond the control of those who have created it. All the old complaints of Russian infringements of German guaranteed rights are repeated, and not without reason if the author can be relied upon for the correctness of a report he publishes, made by the late governor, General Albedinsky, with marginal notes of approval in the handwriting of the late Czar. After an ample discussion, Albedinsky lays down four propositions. The ancient capitulations cannot be strictly observed. They must in certain cases be repealed. Legislation must have chief respect to the interests of the majority, i.e. the Letts. The Baltic provinces must be thoroughly amalgamated with the rest of the Empire. As the execution of this programme would mean war with Germany, it may long remain a dead letter; but its publication is little likely to allay the prevalent agitation. The writer seems in no respect inspired by the sentiment of national independence, or hostile to the Russian authorities as such. He speaks in the highest terms of the administration of General Suworow (1848-1861). The government of General Golowin (1845-1848), on the other hand, is blamed as inspired by the worst spirit of fanaticism. Paulucci (1812-1830), the builder of Riga, was an astute Italian, profuse at other people's expense, but endowed with an architectural taste that qualified him to rebuild a ruined capital. Pahlen (1830-1845) was a worthy man and good Protestant, but incompetent. Numerous entertaining illustrations are given of the operation of the censorship and other Russian institutions, conveying the general impression of a government vexatious rather than tyrannical.

The resemblance in the circumstances of Ireland and Livonia is sufficiently close to explain the publication by the publishers of the preceding work of a translation, together with the original text, of the Irish Land Act, with a copious exposition by Dr. Eduard Wiss (2). Two of Mr. Gladstone's speeches are also translated, and nothing is omitted to give the Continental reader a fair idea of the measure. Dr. Wiss's impartiality is exemplary; he is convinced of the good results which may be anticipated from the Bill, but only on condition that the further demands of the Irish agitators shall be firmly resisted, and no further changes in the land system made except with the view of facilitating transfer.

Few Englishmen, probably, have heard of Lul or Lullus (3), successor of the great Boniface in the see of Mentz, whom Herr Heinrich Hahn introduces to them as an illustrious countryman. Distinguished he certainly was; but, as his life was spent almost entirely on the Continent, and the sole traces of the connexion he

(1) *Fünfzig Jahre Russischer Verwaltung in den Baltischen Provinzen*. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Das Landesgesetz für Irland vom Jahre 1881 in deutscher Übersetzung und im Original*. Eingeleitet und herausgegeben von Dr. E. Wiss. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Bonifaz und Lul: ihre Angelsächsischen Korrespondenten. Erzbischof Lul's Leben*. Von Heinrich Hahn. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

maintained with his native country exist in his correspondence, he makes no figure in English history. He appears to have been a West Saxon, of a respectable and perhaps opulent family, and to have received his education at Malmesbury. A favourite disciple of Boniface, he succeeded him as Bishop of Merton, probably in 754, and about 780 received the pallium as Archbishop. He died about 786. His correspondence is disappointingly fragmentary, but presents nevertheless a dim picture of a dim time, when most of what little intellectual activity was left had taken refuge in the Church, and showed itself partly in missions, partly in such a nervous dread and apprehension of the spiritual world as in later ages has only actuated detached societies, but was then a pervading principle of human action. There are also curious indications of the growing usurpations of Rome on the one hand, and the more active participation of the secular power in ecclesiastical affairs on the other. The summary of Boniface's correspondence, which fills a large part of the book, gives valuable information as to his relations with Aldhelm, Egbert, Archbishop of York, Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and other English ecclesiastics.

Dr. Theodor Kolde (4) has accomplished a useful labour in preparing a supplement to Luther's correspondence illustrating the appreciation of the great Reformer by his contemporaries, as well as the view taken of contemporary events by the leading men among the Reformers. The first letters in the collection contain early and casual notices of Luther, and attest the respect in which he was held from the first and the rapid growth of his influence and celebrity. The remainder of the volume consists chiefly of letters addressed to Luther himself by the heads of the Reformatory party, with an admixture of miscellaneous documents more or less illustrative of the circumstances of the times as they concerned him. Some are in German, but the majority are in Latin. A concise summary of the contents is prefixed to each; and, in some cases, where the document has been already printed in some accessible collection, the editor has contented himself with a reference. The whole gives a lively picture of men's minds at one of the most interesting periods of history, and will be found, as the editor intends, a useful companion to the more elaborate records of the time.

The development of free institutions (5) in the cities of Lombardy under the aegis of the bishops is a very interesting study, only difficult from the imperfection of the materials. Towards the eleventh century temporal authority seems to have passed to a great extent from the hands of the nobility into those of the Church dignitaries, who formed a transition to republican independence. Dr. Handlohe has taken great pains with his subject, and brought together many curious particulars.

Dr. Carl Pauli (6) adds an eighth to seven interpretations already given of an inscription recently found upon a vase engraved with words belonging to an early Italic dialect. His translation differs materially from that of his predecessors, and is interesting as an illustration of the difficulties besetting the rendering even of a well-known language when there is no division of words.

Two contributions recently made to Icelandic literature are especially valuable from a judicial point of view. Herr Lehmann and Herr Schnorr von Carolsfeld examine the rich store of illustrations of Icelandic jurisprudence afforded by the Njal Saga (7), "the jurist's saga par excellence," according to Vigfusson. According to Herr Lehmann and his colleague, however, the importance of the saga from this point of view has been overrated, it being of considerably later date than is generally admitted, and much of its legal lore being merely fanciful. No such suspicion attaches to the saga of Hrafnkell (8), translated by Dr. Link, which is undoubtedly a genuine historical narrative of the first half of the tenth century. This curious piece contains one of the fullest pictures of proceedings before the Icelandic "Thing" of the most ancient period, and is moreover a work of artistic as well as of historical merit, composed in a masculine and energetic style, and impressive in its rugged simplicity, although devoid of the poetry which adorns many of the sagas. The picture of Icelandic feeling, with its mixture of generosity and vindictiveness, is a fine and striking study of character, and the various personages are effectively sketched. The indications of the decay of the old religion, before Christianity had been heard of, are very significant. Dr. Link has prefixed a useful introduction on the history of Icelandic saga literature in general.

The first part of a series of philological essays, edited by Dr. Gustav Körting (9), contains a disquisition by Dr. H. Goossens on the romance of the Knight of the Lin, by Chrestien of Troyes. The point principally investigated is whether the French romance was

borrowed from the Lady of the Fountain, in the Welsh Mabinogion, and the conclusion arrived at is that they had a common source, probably Breton.

Dr. Carl Peters's treatise on the Will as the origin of phenomenal existence, according to Schopenhauer's theory (10), will rank with Edward von Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious" as a development of Schopenhauer's ideas in a religious and conservative direction, and also as one of those books which have proved the possibility of presenting philosophical speculations in a lively and attractive form, enriched with illustrations from the world of sense, and intelligible to cultivated readers without a preliminary course of metaphysics. This is a virtue frequent among Schopenhauer's philosophical descendants, among whom Dr. Peters must be reckoned; although, while accepting Schopenhauer's great idea as the basis of his own system, he criticizes Schopenhauer's pessimistic application of it. He will have nothing to say to Frauendörfer, Bahnsen, and the other Epigoni, until he comes to Hartmann, who, he considers, has really taken the right road to make Schopenhauer's idea fruitful, but has stopped half-way. By accepting Hartmann's proof of an intelligence animating nature, and at the same time denying his postulate of its unconsciousness, he has reconstructed the philosophy of Schopenhauer on a theistic basis, and his work, like Hartmann's, will mark an era in its history. With Dr. Peters's theism is necessarily conjoined a theory of dualism; and on the whole his work is a memorable instance of what extraordinary modifications a philosophical theory may be capable. It is written with evident conviction as well as great ability; if open to any serious criticism, in a literary point of view, it is that too much space is bestowed on the minor elaborators of Schopenhauer's ideas.

Dr. Aufarth's essay on the Platonic doctrine of ideas (11) is assuredly not, like Dr. Peters's, a book for the laity, but presupposes in the reader a profound study of Plato. One section, however, is clear and forcible—the discussion of Plato's idea of immortality. Dr. Aufarth thinks that he really laid little stress on the arguments propounded with so much eloquence in the *Phædo*, and attributes them to his unwillingness to break with accepted forms, even when these had become too narrow for his own more exalted conceptions.

Dr. Cohen gives an interesting sketch of Kant's influence upon German culture (12), both by the promulgation of his ideas in the abstract and by the practical application they have received in the most varied fields of human activity at the hands of such disciples as Niebuhr, Clausewitz, and Anselm Feuerbach.

The very favourable account of England given by Herr Funcke (13) may be partly due to his having mainly regarded our country from a point of view where it always appears to advantage—that of religion and philanthropy. It is not, however, the large scale and energetic administration of our ecclesiastical and charitable organizations that have solely impressed him; he is equally charmed with the frankness and cordiality of his reception merely as a foreigner. His prejudices, derived from foolish tourists of both nations and his disapprobation of some features of English policy, speedily vanished in the light of personal experience, and he returned to Germany an admirer of our country in most aspects, and not merely those which he had come specially to investigate. We are glad to find, however, that his admiration does not blind him to the weak sides of our national character, and that he strongly condemns the grotesque and fanatical excesses of many philanthropic movements, such as the Temperance agitation, with the spirit of which he is in sympathy.

A handbook to Jerusalem (14) in the English and Hebrew languages, but printed at Vienna, deserves warm recommendation for the insight it affords into the life of the Jewish community. As a holy city, Jerusalem is naturally a city of beggars and "pious founders." Herr Lunz gives ample proof of the extent to which a population can be demoralized by indiscriminate almsgiving. The mischief is perhaps mitigated by the circumstance that a considerable portion of the "Haluka," or charitable dole, is appropriated by persons who are notoriously in no need of relief; but the letter of the law is on their side, and "they do not feel inclined to give it up." It is another extenuating circumstance that the profession of mendicancy is nowhere more laborious than at Jerusalem, where it is calculated that it takes fifteen calls to collect one farthing. On the other hand, much judicious as well as noble munificence has been evinced in the foundation of schools, whose utility, however, is impaired by the bigotry which makes many Jews object to have their children taught Arabic. This is partly accounted for by the fact that many of the Ashkenazim, or German and Slavonic Jews, are refugees not from European persecution, but from European enlightenment. They are themselves divided into two hostile sects, the Perushim and the Chassidim, with many subdivisions. The handbook, which is to be an annual

(4) *Analecta Lutherana: Briefe und Actenstücke zur Geschichte Luthers; zugleich ein Supplement zu den bisherigen Sammlungen seines Briefwechsels.* Herausgegeben von Theodor Kolde. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Die lombardischen Städte unter der Herrschaft der Bischöfe, und die Entstehung der Comunen.* Von Max Handlohe. Berlin: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Altitalische Studien.* Von Dr. C. Pauli. Hft. 1. Hannover: Hahn. London: Nutt.

(7) *Die Njalsage, insbesondere in ihren juristischen Bestandtheilen.* Von K. Lehmann und H. Schnorr von Carolsfeld. Berlin: Prager. London: Nutt.

(8) *Die Saga von Hrafnkell Freysgodi.* Übersetzt und mit ausführlichen Erläuterungen versehen von Dr. H. Link. Wien: Kinegen. London: Nutt.

(9) *Neuphilologische Studien.* Herausgegeben von Dr. Gustav Körting. Hft. 1. Paderborn: Schöningh. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Willenswelt und Weltwille. Studien und Ideen zu einer Weltanschauung.* Von Dr. Carl Peters. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Trübner & Co.

(11) *Die Platonische Ideenlehre.* Von Dr. August Aufarth. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Nutt.

(12) *Von Kant's Einfluss auf die deutsche Kultur.* Rede von Dr. Hermann Cohen. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Nutt.

(13) *Englische Bilder in deutscher Beleuchtung.* Von Otto Funcke. Bremen: Müller. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Jerusalem Year-Book for the Diffusion of an Accurate Knowledge of Ancient and Modern Palestine.* Edited by A. M. Lunz. Vol. 1. Wien: Brög. London: Nutt.



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The following are extracts from the Report submitted:

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The expenditure on Management and General Expenses for 1882 amounted to £10,719 9s. 1d., or 29 73 per cent. of the premiums, showing an increase of 13 73 per cent. compared with the previous year, and being almost the same ratio as in 1880.

The result is that, after reverting the usual 33 per cent. of the premiums for 1882 to cover liabilities under current policies, a loss was incurred on the year's operations of £10,573 19s. 7d., which has been reflected to the Fire Account out of the balance at the credit of the General Account of Profit and Loss.

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The Total Income of the year (including Interest) was £245,161 16s. 7d.

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FIRE DEPARTMENT—JAMES RIBBLE, Manager.

LIFE DEPARTMENT—THOS. H. COOKE, Actuary.

General Manager—JAS. VALENTINE.

Copies of the Report, with the whole Accounts of the Company for the year 1882, may be obtained from any of the Company's Offices or Agencies.

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